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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FIFTH.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE
P O E M S
OF
S A V A G E.

THE

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S

THE
WANDERER:

A VISION.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

"Nulla mali nova mihi facies inopinave surgit."

VIRG.

THE

WANDERER



"Nulla in verba sed factis innotescere veritas"

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N

LORD VISCOUNT TYRCONNEL,

Baron CHARLEVILLE, and Lord BROWLOWE,

Knight of the BATH.

MY LORD,

PART of this poem had the honour of your Lordship's perusal when in manuscript; and it was no small pride to me, when it met with approbation from so distinguishing a judge: should the rest find the like indulgence, I shall have no occasion (whatever its success may be in the world) to repent the labour it has cost me—But my intention is not to pursue a discourse on my own performance; no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out sentiments that relate to your Lordship's goodness, the generosity of which, give me leave to say, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the Great, in former times, generally terminated in

disappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called such) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till those, who lingered in the want of it, grew almost past the sense of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half canceled the obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous act of guilt in the receiver, the consequence of which was remorse and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordship, and the present Ministry, is an assurance of success. I am persuaded, distress, in many other instances, affects your soul with a compassion, that always shews itself in a manner most humane and active; that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that to deserve your friendship is to deserve the countenance of the best of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordship's conversation (permit me to speak but justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furnished with the finest observations upon human nature, and to receive, from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning candour, the worthiest and most polite maxims—such as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could also take notice of your many public-spirited services to your country in Parliament, and your constant attachment to Liberty, and the Royal, Illustrious House of our Most Gracious Sovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds

are

DEDICATION.

5

are the noblest and fittest orators to speak your praise, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordship's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been so lately shed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings shall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I must acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordship's goodness to me. I must, in fine, say with Horace,

“Quod spiro, & placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.

I am, with the highest gratitude and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most dutiful

and devoted servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

are the hopes of a better future to look your prize,
and will show it in beyond the power of a much
I will therefore in my view from your position
return to the same manner of things, which has been
to my mind, and there is my future mo-
tivation and energy, and even my own from men
of your own way, I will not be able to do so
product of your position's conduct to me, I will
in the way of things.

"God bless the power of the world of things."
I am, with the best regards and remembrance,

Yours truly,
M. J. L. O. N.

Your friendship and kind regards

and devoted friend,
RICHARD FAYANCE

and your own

[7]
THE
W A N D E R E R.
A V I S I O N.

C A N T O I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
Brownlowe, at once my subject and my fame!

Oh! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprizes, and whose goodness charms!
That various worth! could that inspire my lays, 5
Envy should smile, and Censure learn to praise:
Yet, though unequal to a soul like thine,
A generous soul, approaching to divine,
When blest'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight. 10

O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the Muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by these the sons of men may owe 15
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, Contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
 Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys; 20
 Who in thyself the various view canst find
 Of sea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
 What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
 What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul,
 Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will, 25
 All thou survey'st, with a creative skill!
 Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
 Awhile in wintry wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
 Then waft me to some olive, bowery green,
 Where, cloath'd in white, thou shew'st a mind serene; 30
 Where kind Content from noise and court retires,
 And smiling sits, while Muses tune their lyres:
 Where Zephyrs gently breathe, while Sleep profound
 To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
 Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines, 35
 By thee bestow'd; whence Fancy colour'd shines,
 And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
 Varying her plumes in visionary light.

The solar fires now faint and watery burn,
 Just where with ice Aquarius frets his urn! 40
 If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
 Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.

When Frost and Fire with martial powers engag'd,
 Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
 Beneath the Pole his legions urg'd their flight, 45
 And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
 O'er cheerless scenes by Desolation own'd,
 High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd!

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 9

One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
 And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns; 50
 O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
 The blossom'd fruit, and flowery Spring deform.
 His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
 Dim-gleaming all the light that wanders here.
 His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his
 breath

A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death. 55

Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
 That checks, and renders navigation vain,
 That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
 Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day, 60
 And stretching eastward half the world secures,
 Defies discovery, and like time endures!

Now Frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
 To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare; 65
 Yet when, far west, his violence declines,
 Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
 To rocky pools, to cataracts are unknown
 His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!

The falling moon cast, cold, a quivering light,
 Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!—pale night 70
 Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey mists arose!
 Shrill chants the cock!—the hungry heifer lows!
 Slow blush yon breaking clouds;—the sun's uproll'd!
 Th' expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;
 White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams, 75
 Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.

O Con-

O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
 From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
 From Sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
 Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim! 80

It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!
 Still Morn begins, and Frost retains the scene!
 Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!

From rock to vale sweet-wandering echoes run!
 Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar! 85
 Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!

Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
 March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!
 Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-brood,
 Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood! 90

At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds,
 Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
 Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear!
 All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!

Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom, 95
 And smoaky Fate speeds thundering through the gloom!
 Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
 Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.

Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
 Estrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land! 100
 Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown!
 Where shall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?

From hilly wilds, and depths where snows remain,
 My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
 Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside, 105
 And towers aspire, but with inferior pride!

On

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 11

On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
 Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
 Hoarse, and direct, a blustering north-wind blows!
 On boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crisped snows! 110
 Tangles of frost half-fright the wilder'd eye,
 By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering sky!
 Hence down the side two turbid rivulets pour,
 And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!
 While pleas'd the watery progress I pursue, 115
 Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!
 In form an amphitheatre they rise;
 And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
 There the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
 And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails! 120
 Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,
 Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
 The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
 From the heap'd store deriv'd, a river flows;
 Which, deepening, travels through a distant wood, 125
 And thence emerging, meets a sister-flood;
 Mingled they flash on a wide-opening plain,
 And pass yon city to the far-seen main.

So blend two souls by heaven for union made,
 And strengthening forward, lend a mutual aid, 130
 And prove in every transient turn their aim,
 Through finite life to infinite the same.

Nor ends the landscape—Ocean, to my sight,
 Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
 In prospect lessen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd high, 135
 Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye;

There

There lies obscur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
 And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
 In conic form there gelid crystal grows;
 Through such the palace-lamp, gay lustre throws! 140
 Lustre, which, through dim night, as various plays
 As play from yonder snows the changeful rays!
 For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
 If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize;
 Through these the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye 145
 Measure known stars, and new remoter spy.
 Hence Commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
 Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
 Hence Halley's soul ethereal flight essays;
 Instructive there from orb to orb she strays; 150
 Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll!
 Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
 Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
 And peasants search for herbs of healthful green;
 Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies, 155
 Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
 There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
 Incav'd secure th' exulting eagle dwells;
 And there, when Nature owns prolific spring,
 Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing. 160
 Swains on the coast the far-fam'd fish descry,
 That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
 While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
 The tinctur'd rivals of the showery bow.
 Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind, 165
 In future cauldrons useful texture find,
 Till,

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 13

Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and brightening hardens into glass.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave; 170
Though lash'd by storms, which naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.

Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and sore, 175
Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
How weak thy fabric, Man! —A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minutest nerve let anguish seize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (so frail our ease!) 180
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd, and unalluag'd,
They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th'exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! scarce through my veins it glides!
Sure on each blast a shivering ague rides!
Warn'd let me this bleak eminence forsake,
And to the vale a different winding take!

Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way. 190
Close with this stage a precipice combines;
Whence still the spacious country far declines!
The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
And men diminish'd, as, at noon, their shades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown for walks are seen 195
Grey leafless wood, and winter-greens between!

The

14 SAVAGES'S POEMS.

The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
And matted mistletoe, the white, bestows !
Though lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Though on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots ! 200
These boughs, the silenc'd shivering songsters seek !
These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.

Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of Despair !
The water of the mountain-road, half-stray'd, 205
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown cascade.

Has Nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind ?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent ! 210

And hark !—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hastening near !
A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast :
Soft ! the wish'd object stands at length confess'd !

Of youth his form !—But why with anguish bent ? 215
Why pin'd with fallow marks of discontent ?
Yet Patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.

Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief. 220

Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says,) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste !
All fear forget—Each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress.

Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led ; 225
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread !

And

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 15

And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perspective scene. 230

In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread, 235
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.

A maple cup is next dispatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring:
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine; 240
And savoury cates, upon clear embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd power,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.

The Hermit, thus: Thou wonder'st at thy fare: 245
On me, yon city, kind, bestows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
That warms chill'd life, her charities produce:
Accept without reward; unask'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine. 250
Hence learn that GOD, (who, in the time of need,
In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
Well-fought, will delegate some pitying breast,
His second means, to succour man distress.
He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd; 255
Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd.

I'm

I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn):
 By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born.
 Of England I—To me the British state
 Rises, in dear memorial, ever great! 260
 Here stand we conscious:—Diffidence suspend!
 Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muse extend
 To grots, where Contemplation smiles serene,
 Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
 To groves, where more than mortal voices rise, 265
 Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies?
 This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
 What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold,
 Think subjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
 What cannot Industry completely raise? 270
 Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
 By Industry is all with beauty crown'd!
 He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
 Hues the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
 He forms the sword to smite; he sheaths the steel, 275
 Draws health from herbs, and shews the balm to heal;
 Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies;
 Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
 Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
 Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway; 280
 Hence golden Commerce views her wealth encrease,
 The blissful child of Liberty and Peace.
 He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
 Fills, with soft fertile mould, the steril void;
 Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests grow, 285
 And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow!

By

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 17

By him fall mountains to a level space,
 An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace!
 He founds a city on the naked shore,
 And desolation starves the tract no more. 290
 From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
 Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics stand;
 He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
 And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound.
 Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice rose, 295
 Each fabric there, as Pleasure's seat he shows!
 There marts, sports, councils, are for action sought,
 Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
 What wonder then I, by his potent aid,
 A mansion in a barren mountain made? 300
 Part thou hast view'd!—If further we explore,
 Let Industry deserve applause the more.

No frowning care yon blest apartment sees,
 There Sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
 Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth, 305
 There shed the smiles of innocence and health.

Mark!—Here descends a grot, delightful seat!
 Which warms e'en winter, tempers summer heat!
 See!—Gurgling from a top, a spring distils!
 In mournful measures wind the dripping rills; 310
 Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
 In soothing mixture, swell the watery sound;
 And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
 Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
 Pass on—New scèns, by my creative power, 315
 Invite Reflection's sweet and solemn hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
 Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
 These friends (said he) though I desert mankind,
 Good angels never would permit behind. 320
 Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
 I know; each work some seraph here conveys,
 Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
 What heaven inspir'd, and what the Muse has taught;
 What Young satiric and sublime has writ, 325
 Whose life is virtue, and whose Muse is wit.
 Rapt I foresee thy Mallet's * early aim
 Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
 Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
 And the ripe judgment of instructive years. 330
 In Hill is all that generous souls revere,
 To Virtue and the Muse for ever dear:
 And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
 The tongue, that praises merit, praises thee.
 These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their age, 335
 Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
 To whose dim faculty the meaning song
 Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;
 Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
 His wit, and oddness of his tone and face; 340
 Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
 In some low libel a mean heart display;
 Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
 It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.

Or

* He had then just written THE EXCURSION.

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 19

Or should some nobler bard, their worth, unpraise, 345
Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each science shews the same,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke? 350
Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let Envy, he replied, all ireful rise,
Envy pursues alone the brave and wise;
Maro and Socrates inspire her pain, 355
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise!
All their bright honours rush into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel! 360
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate;
Profound as reason, and as justice clear;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe;
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet, 365
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equal'd by his Muse.

O Pope!—Since Envy is decreed by fate,
Since she pursues alone the wise and great; 370
In one small, emblematic landscape see,
How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence surveys our scene
(A hill, where all is clear, and all serene).

Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner valleys blow, 375
 And wandering mists roll, blackening, far below;
 Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim;
 And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.

Thus I. From what dire cause can envy spring?
 Or why embosom we a viper's sting? 380
 'Tis Envy stings our darling passion, pride.
 Alas! (the man of mighty soul replied)
 Why chuse we miseries? Most derive their birth
 From one bad source—we dread superior worth;
 Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own; 385
 Then heedless to excel we meanly moan:
 Then we abstract our views, and Envy show,
 Whence springs the misery, pride is doom'd to know.
 Thus folly pain creates: By wisdom's power,
 We shun the weight of many a restless hour— 390
 Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
 Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
 I, of the whole, am part—the joy men see,
 Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
 Why should I then of private loss complain? 395
 Of loss, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
 The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
 May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
 If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
 Mountains are but supplied, when vales are drown'd; 400
 If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
 The verdure of the mountain fades away.
 Shall clouds but at my welfare's call descend?
 Shall gravity for me her laws suspend?

For

THE WANDERER, CANTO I. 21

For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear? 405
Or motion not subsist to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they frost, or flame,
Thy end, O Nature! still remains the same!
Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear. 410

C A N T O II.

WHILE thus a mind humane, and wise, he shows,
All eloquent of truth his language flows.
Youth, though depresso'd, through all his form appears;
Through all his sentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—Yet farther Industry behold, 5
Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold.
Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.
When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
My bosom, labouring with the throbs of woe! 10
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouse those cares,
On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
When moping Frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
Here prudent labours chac'd her power away.
Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall, 15
Bold prophets nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs smile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone!

Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
 Swells into life, and speaking action grows! 20
 Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
 To calm, amuse, exalt the pensive mind!
 This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
 And semblant thoughts, that earthly pomp despise.
 Such penitential Magdalene reveals; 25
 Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
 Though dress, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies,
 The vanity of dress unheeded lies.
 The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
 As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps. 30
 One hand her bosom smites; in one appears
 The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.

Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
 True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
 Such prov'd Messiah's, though to suffering born, 35
 To penury, repulse, reproach, and scorn.
 Here, by the pencil, mark his flight design'd;
 The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
 Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm express,
 A modest charm, that dignifies distress. 40
 Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
 Which angels to her busied consort bend.
 Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
 Trifles, concerning Him, all heaven concern'd.

Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires: 45
 See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
 Full on his followers bursts a flood of rays,
 Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!

Like

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 23

Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
Unfufferable, magnificent, and near! 50

What scene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the suppliant King of kings!
The crown of thorns; the cross, that felt him die;
These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.

There, from the dead, centurions see him rise, 55
See! but struck down with horrible surprize!
As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
This casts the silver splendor of the moon.

Here peopled day, th' ascending God surveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze! 60
Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
When through a cloud bright-glancing, yet serene!
Now fast-encreasing to the croud amaz'd,
Like some vast meteor high in æther rais'd!

My labour, yon high-vaulted altar stains 65
With dyes, that emulate ætherial plains.
The convex glass, which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!
Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
Back from the God, a showery radiance fall. 70
Lightening the scene beneath! a scene divine!
Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!

Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly, 75
Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!

This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!

He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply,
And the prompt tear starts, quivering, on his eye! 80

I look'd—two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a listening angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains, 85
A phoenix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.

A pendent veil two hovering seraphs raise,
Which opening heaven upon the roof displays! 90
And two, benevolent, less-distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by Friendship held, arise,
Odorous as incense gathering in the skies.

In the fond pelican is love express, 95
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a falcon struck!—in wild despair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! destroys
The tender consort of my cares and joys! 100

Again soft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd sounds dy'd, fluttering, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmost thought I know!
Too well ev'n silence tells the story'd woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply! 105
I stray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!

Next, on the wall, her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!

Cherubs

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 25

Cherubs a profer'd crown of glory show,
 Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below. 110
 In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
 One shows her breast, in rapture one expands!
 This the fond hermit seiz'd!—o'er all his soul,
 The soft, wild, wailing, amorous passion stole!
 In steadfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep, 115
 Then turn away, a while dejected weep;
 Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
 Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
 Where now is my philosophy? (he cries)
 My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies! 120
 Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know?
 Was it, ye cruel fates, t' imbitter woe?
 Why would your bolts not level first my head?
 Why must I live to weep Olympia dead?
 —Sir, I had once a wife! Fair bloom'd her youth, 125
 Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth!
 Oh, she was dear! How dear, what words can say?
 She dies!—my heaven at once is snatch'd away!
 Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
 I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir? 130
 That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
 Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
 That in the senate eloquence was mine?
 That valour gave me in the field to shine?
 That love shower'd blessings too—far more than all 135
 High-rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
 Ah!—What are these, which ev'n the wise adore?
 Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!

Had

Had I, ye persecuting powers! been born
 The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn; 140
 Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
 To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
 Patience, or pride, to this, relief supplies?
 But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!

Now three sad years I yield me all to grief, 145
 And fly the hated comfort of relief!

Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat,
 (My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat:

Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
 Despair and horror lead the cheerless way! 150

My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
 Life, injur'd life, must with the passion less!

Olympia!—My Olympia's lost! (I cry)

Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply!

Louder I make my lamentable moan; 155

The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;

The ghosts to scream, as through lone aisles they sweep;

The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!

Now grief and rage, by gathering sighs suppress,
 Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breast! 160

With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,

And strike the tottering fabric of my brain!

O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vapoury scene,

Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of spleen!

A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell; 165

Here pining thoughts and secret terrors dwell!

Here learn the Great unreal wants to feign!

Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain!

Here

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 27

Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild! 170

Here first Credulity on Reason won!

And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun!

Here Love impears each moment with a tear,

And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear!

Fantastic lightnings, through the dreary way, 175

In swift short signals flash the bursting day!

Above, beneath, across, around, they fly!

A dire deception strikes the mental eye!

By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe!

Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear! 180

Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,

And, all-obscure, shed baneful damps around!

Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,

Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!

Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,

Unroofs the den, and lets-in more than day.

Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,

Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light!

Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car!

These nod from thrones! Those thunder in the war! 190

Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,

Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.

Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,

Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;

A fiend in evil moments ever nigh! 195

Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!

Her eye all red, and sunk!—A robe she wore,

With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.

A mir-

A mirror in one hand collective shows,
 Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes. 200
 This endless foe to generous toil and pain
 Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;
 She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
 And self-aborrence heightens in her breast.
 To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries, 205
 Still wakes her mind, though slumbers doze her eyes:
 She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
 With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
 Now eyes the sun, and curses every ray,
 Now the green ground, where colour fades away. 210
 Dim spectres dance! Again her eye she rears;
 Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
 Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
 Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!
 From me (she cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim, 215
 Born of Despair, and Suicide my name!
 Why should thy life a moment's pain endure!
 Here every object proffers grief a cure.
 She points where leaves of hemlock blackening shoot!
 Fear not! pluck! eat (said she) the sovereign root! 220
 Then Death, revers'd, shall bear his ebon lance!
 Soft o'er thy fight shall swim the shadowy trance!
 Or leap yon rock, possess a watery grave,
 And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
 Or mark—this poniard thus from misery frees! 225
 She wounds her breast!—the guilty steel I seize!
 Straight, where she struck, a smoking spring of gore
 Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
 She

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 19

She faints! she fades!—Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
 And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve; 230
 Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
 Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
 He points the passage to the seats divine,
 Where poets, heroes, fainted lovers shine!
 I come, Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends; 235
 Half to, my breast the threatening point descends;
 Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
 When, lo! a voice resounds—Arise! away!
 Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
 Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God! 240
 Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
 Such ill-sought ease shall draw avenging grief.
 Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
 And zeal by persecution's rage refines.
 By woe, the soul to daring action swells; 245
 By woe, in painless patience it excels;
 From patient, prudent dear experience springs,
 And traces knowledge through the course of things!
 Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
 Renown:—whate'er men covet and carefs. 250
 The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice.
 Would'st thou be happy? straight be death thy choice.
 How mean are those, who passively complain;
 While active souls, more free, their fetters strain!
 Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success, 255
 Renown:—whate'er men covet and carefs;
 On earth success must in its turn give way,
 And ev'n perfection introduce decay.

Never

Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
Untouch'd! entire!—once happy, ever blest! 260

Earnest the heavenly voice responsive cries,
Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise!
Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore, 265
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore;
There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!

I heard, obey'd; nor more of Fate complain'd;
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd. 270
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd, where a huge serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—he rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd, 275
Rears spire on spire! His scales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burnish'd in the sun! such height they gain,
They dart green lustre on the distant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
Furious to fix on my unshielded breast! 280
Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe!
Headless he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though strength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiss the gasping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk slow-loosens every fold, 285
Lingers in life: then stretches stiff, and cold.
Just as th' inveterate son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove; and near the spot descends:

I hail

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 31

I hail this omen ! all bad passions cease,
 Lik the slain snake, and all within is peace. 290

Next, to religion this plain roof I raise !
 In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze;
 I bid due incense on my altars smoke !
 Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke !
 She hears ! she comes !—My heart what raptures warm !
 All my Olympia sparkles in the form !
 No pale, wan, livid mark of death she bears !
 Each roseate look a quickening transport wears !
 A robe of light, high wrought, her shape invests ;
 Unzon'd the swelling beauty of her breasts ! 300

Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
 In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms !
 Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace ;
 Then, thus, (while nearer she avoids th' embrace)
 Thou dear deceit !—must I a shade pursue ? 305
 Dazzled I gaze !—thou swimm'ft before my view !

Dipt in etherial dews, her bough divine
 Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the shine :
 Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss
 Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss) 310

Oh, fly not !—fade not ! listen to love's call !
 She lives ! no more I'm man !—I'm spirit all !
 Then let me snatch thee !—press thee !—take me whole !
 Oh, close !—yet closer !—closer to my soul !

Twice, round her waist, my eager arms entwin'd, 315
 And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind !
 Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy husband kneel,
 And judge ! O judge what agonies I feel !

Oh !

Oh ! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair ;
 Take Horror's shape, and fright me to despair ! 320
 Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
 Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone !
 But mock not thus !—Alas (the charmer said,
 Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd)
 Alas ! no more eluded strength employ, 325
 To clasp a shade !—What more is mortal joy ?
 Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd ;
 One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd !
 Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possess'd)
 Supremely curst from being greatly blest ; 330
 For oh ! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
 Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me ;
 This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb ;
 Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
 Think me not lost : for thee I heaven implore ! 335
 Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more !
 I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
 Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly dream !
 Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
 In Music's voice I wake thy mind to prayer ! 340
 By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
 Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies !
 And when that form shall from its clay refine,
 (That only bar betwixt my soul and thine !)
 When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light, 345
 Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight ;
 Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aspire
 Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.

She

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 33

She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
 Th' enchanting voice still warbles in my mind : 350
 But lo ! th' unbodied vision fleets away !—
 —Stay, my Olympia !—I conjure thee, stay !
 Yet stay— for thee my memory leans to smart !
 Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart !
 Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day, 355
 Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay !
 From the same heavenly source its lustre came,
 And glows, immortal, with congenial flame !
 Ah !—let me not with fires neglected burn ;
 Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return ! 360
 Alas !—she's fled —I traverse now the place,
 Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
 Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
 There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
 Sighs choak my words, unable to express 365
 The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness !
 Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
 Call dying saints on their Creator's name,
 Than I on her's ;—but through yon yielding door,
 Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor ! 370
 The roof swift-kindles from the beaming ground,
 And floods of living lustre flame around !
 In all the majesty of light array'd,
 Awful it shines !—'tis Cato's honour'd shade !
 As I the heavenly visitant pursue, 375
 Sublimar Glory opens to my view !
 He speaks !—But, oh ! what words shall dare repeat
 His thoughts !—They leave me fir'd with patriot heat !

More than poetic raptures now I feel,
 And own that godlike passion, public zeal! 380
 But from my frailty, it receives a stain,
 I grow, unlike my great inspirer, vain;
 And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
 And would, in scenes of action foremost glow!
 Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays! 385
 Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
 When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
 And lures me back to solitary love.

She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
 That genuine greatness shuns the being great! 390
 That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize;
 Whose fabricks from their country's ruin rise;
 Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
 Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.

I hear!—through all my veins new transports roll!
 I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul;
 Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
 Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
 Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
 But zeal is in ambition lost again! 400

I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
 —By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
 These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
 Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;
 This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I replied, 405
 O Hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
 But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
 Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repose.

When

THE WANDERER, CANTO II. 35

When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often misery points the path to bliss. 410
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays, 415
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

CANTO III.

THUS free our social time from morning flows
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend: Behold the light's decay:
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun, 5
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
His parting eyes a watery radiance shed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
To which oppos'd, the shadowy gulfs, below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow. 10

Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the way;
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines; 15
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,

In a red crescent seen : Her zone now gleams,
 Like Venus, quivering in reflecting streams.
 Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
 From the white cliff, her feet slow-rising glare ! 20
 See ! flames, condens'd now vary her attire ;
 Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
 Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze ;
 'Through ranks of pines, her broken lustre plays,
 Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows, 25
 And, glittering, sports upon the spangled snows.
 Now silver turn her beams !—yon den they gain ;
 The big, rouz'd lion shakes his brindled main.
 Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
 Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-resounding roar.
 O dire presage !—But fear not thou, my friend,
 Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
 Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now survey,
 How men and spirits chace the night away !
 Yon nymphs and swains in amorous mirth advance ; 35
 To breathing music moves the circling dance.
 Here the bold youth 'in deeds adventurous glow,
 Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
 Not when Tydides won the funeral race.
 Shot his light car along in swifter pace. 40
 Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
 And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
 There crowds, with stable tread, and level'd eye.
 Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
 With force superior, not with skill so true, 45
 The ponderous disk from Roman sinews flew.

Where

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 37

Where neighbouring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a penile plain,
Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound !— 50
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate, rise ;
And deafening clangor thunders up the skies.

Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene :
Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way : 55
Vain steps ! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke :
Yon amber-hued cascade, which fleecy flies
Through rocks, and strays along the trackless skies 60
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring ;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe or harp !—and next they stand,
Marshal'd beneath the moon, a radiant band !
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind : 65
Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.

Hark ! the funereal bell's deep-sounding toll,
To bliss, from misery, calls some righteous soul !
Just freed from life, life swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire ! 70
Light claps its wings !—it views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite ;
The plume high wrought, that blackening nods in air ;
The slow-pac'd weeping pomp ; the solemn prayer ;
The decent tomb ; the verse, that Sorrow gives, 75
Where, to remembrance sweet, fair virtue lives.

Now to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
 And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
 With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
 See!—from the north, what streaming meteors pour! 80
 Beneath Bootes springs the radiant train,
 And quiver through the axle of his wain.
 O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
 Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
 Cross æther swift elance the vivid fires! 85
 As swift again each pointed flame retires!
 In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
 And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
 Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
 A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state. 90
 Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
 To them wild omens! science to the wise!
 These mark the comet to the sun incline,
 While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
 While its fierce rear a winding trail displays, 95
 And lights all æther with the sweepy blaze!
 Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
 And shoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
 By worlds, whose people, all-aghast with fear,
 May view that minister of vengeance near! 100
 Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,
 Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!
 Or when it, sun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
 And burns imperious on th'ætherial plain!
 The learn'd-one curious eyes it from afar, 105
 Sparkling through night, a new illustrious star!

The

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 39

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
 The various talk :—the city near in view !
 Here from still-life (he cries) avert thy sight,
 And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night ! 110
 But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly ;
 Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
 Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
 But reason's glory is to quell desire.
 What are thy fruits, O Lust ? Short blessings, bought
 With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought ;
 Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
 Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn ;
 Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame ;
 Or cast obscure ; the child of want and shame ! 120
 False pride ! What vices on our conduct steal,
 From the world's eye one frailty to conceal !
 Ye cruel mothers !—Soft ! those words command ;
 So near shall cruelty, and mother stand ?
 Can the dove's bosom snakey venom draw ? 125
 Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw ?
 Can the fond goat, or tender, fleecy dam
 Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb ?
 Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,
 And, conscious, trembled at the coming name ; 130
 Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd !
 Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd.
 That tenderness, which ties of blood deny,
 Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
 Pale grew my cheeks !—But now to general views 135
 Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
 Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
 From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
 Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly. 140
 There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
 And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
 Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
 Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
 O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state; 145
 Thy thoughts, first rank'd, were sure design'd the great;
 Passions plebians are, which faction raise;
 Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
 Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
 Then sovereign reason from her empire flies: 150
 That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
 To noise and folly, place and power submit;
 Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
 Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.
 The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir, 155
 And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
 His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
 Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
 For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
 For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd; 160
 For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
 Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
 Yet smile, griev'd shade! when that unprosperous store
 Fast-lessens, when gay hours return no more;
 Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall, 165
 Men once oblig'd, like Him, ungrateful all!

Then

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 41

Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wife, unflattering friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserv'd her court. 170

Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with smoke!

In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!

From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings: 175

And straight beneath a summon'd, traiterous hand,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:

From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows: 180

The villains, close beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising galls ferment;

And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!

But Justice marks their ways: she waves, in air, 185
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare,

While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.

A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.

There sits the sapient BARD in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!

All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!

He takes the gifted quill from hands divine, 195
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!

Now

Now rapt! now more than man! — I see him climb,
 To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
 I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
 How clear the vision! and the scene how wide! 200
 Let some a name by adulation raise,
 Or scandal, meaner than a verbal praise!
 My Muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
 Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
 From dark deception clear drawn truth display, 205
 As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
 Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
 Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
 So pamper'd power, unconscious of distress,
 May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress. 210

Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
 Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
 But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
 Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
 O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art, 215
 (Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
 If wailing worth can generous warmth excite,
 If verse can gild instruction with delight,
 Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
 To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim! 220

But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
 How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
 Æneas-like he passes through the crowd,
 Unsought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud;
 Or seen with slight regard: Unprais'd his name: 225
 His after-honour, and our after-shame.

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 43.

The doom'd desert, to avarice stands confess'd;
 Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
 Envy acquaint the future wonder eyes:
 Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies; 239
 While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,
 Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
 Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
 Unjust derision too!— that tongue of gall!
 Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endued, 235
 Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursued.
 Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
 Unkind as Scorn, ungenerous as Neglect.

Yet, suffering Worth! thy fortitude will shine:
 Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine! 240
 Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown;
 Thy treasure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
 Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
 And myriads grow, by thy example, great!

Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's sound,
 Sweet through still night, proclaiming safety round!
 Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
 To aid some orphan of its race distress,
 Safe winds him through the subterraneous way,
 That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin grey, 250
 And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
 Where, green with rust, long-buried coins abound.
 This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
 Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead;
 He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand 255
 Sign the false deed that alienates his land;

Heard,

Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
 And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan,
 Commission'd now the falsehood he reveals,
 To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals; 260
 Soon, by his wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
 And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.

But why (may some enquire) why kind success,
 Since mystic heaven gives misery oft to bless?
 Though misery leads to happiness and truth, 265
 Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
 Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
 And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
 Oh, let not censure, if (untried by grief,
 If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,) 270
 He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
 Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.
 Heaven sees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
 And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,
 Now rising fortune elevates his mind, 275
 He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.

So in some engine, that denies a vent,
 If unrespiring is some creature pent,
 It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
 Sad o'er the sight swim shadowy mists of death; 280
 If then kind air pours powerful in again,
 New heats, new pulses quicken every vein;
 From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
 Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.

From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise, 285
 And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes;

Or

THE WANDERER, CANTO III. 45

Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
 With howling wolves, their screams with screaming owls.
 The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
 Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky. 290
 Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
 Nor smoaking breathe along the whiten'd scene;
 While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
 Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.

Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his power 295
 And broken slumbers drag the restless hour.
 The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
 And in dire dreams the conscious murderer scares,
 Shews the yet-spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
 The walls yet-smoaking with the spatter'd gore; 300
 Or shrieks to-dozing justice, and reveals
 The deed, which fraudulent art from day conceals;
 The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
 Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
 The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd, 305
 Pale guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.

These spirits treason of its power divest,
 And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
 Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
 To snatch in vision sweet the dying friend. 310

But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
 Summons to prayer!—Now breaks th' inchanter's spell!
 And now—But yon fair spirit's form survey!
 'Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away!
 I haste!—I fly!—adieu!—and when you see 315
 The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:

Tell

Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest;
 By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
 When worship'd woman we entranc'd behold,
 We praise the Maker in his fairest mould; 320
 The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
 And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
 Depriv'd of charming woman, soon we miss
 The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss!
 Still through the shades Olympiadawning breaks! 325
 What bloom, what brightness lusters o'er her cheeks!
 Again she calls!—I dare no longer stay!
 A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.
 He turn'd, nor longer in my sight remain'd;
 The mountain he, I save the city gain'd. 330

C A N T O IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway,
 Still on strange, visionary land I stray.
 Now scenes crowd thick! now indistinct appear!
 Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
 Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws; 3
 Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws!
 From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
 Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;
 Then with an aguish breath nips infant blooms,
 Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes, 30
 Shakes the flow-circling blood of human race,
 And in sharp, livid looks contracts the face.

Now

THE WANDERER, CANTO IV. 27

Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away :
 Such slippery paths Ambition's steps betray.
 Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees, 15
 Which bow obedient to the southern breeze.
 Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
 Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds ;
 Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd :
 Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd. 20
 Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
 Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
 A waste, pale-glimmering, like a moon, that wanes
 A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
 It cracks !—vast floating mountains beat the shore ! 25
 Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
 And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
 Like one, who feels his dying infant's cries.
 Near, and more near the rushing torrents sound,
 And one great rift runs through the vast profound, 30
 Swift as a shooting meteor; groaning loud,
 Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
 The late dark Pole now feels unfettering day :
 In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way ;
 O'er many a polar Alp to Frost he goes, 35
 O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows :
 Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
 Few men, unsocial those !—a barbarous race !
 At length the cave appears ! the race is run :
 How he recounts vast conquests lost and won, 40
 And taleful in th' embrace of Frost remains,
 Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.
 Mean-

Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
 Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
 From glowing Cancer fallen, the King of day, 45
 Red through the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
 The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
 And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
 'Tis day-spring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
 Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content. 50

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
 From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends ;
 As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
 By some good angel led to worlds sublime :
 Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire, 55
 Like Envy rears in many a scaly spire ;
 Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
 And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty drest,
 An azure mantle, and a purple vest, 60
 Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
 Her amber tresses negligently gay.
 Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
 And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.
 The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours, 65
 Breathe sweet; and strew her opening way with flowers.

The chattering swallows leave their nested care,
 Each promising return with plenteous fare.
 So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
 Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries. 70
 Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
 Hang hovering, ere they seek their guiltless food.

Fondly

THE WANDERER, CANTO IV. 49

Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our first parents, part the amorous pair:
But ah!—A pair no more!—With spreading wings,
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;
Steady he sails along th' aerial grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.

Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human kind? 80

Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd
prey.

Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun
Is warn'd the blue ætherial steep to run. 85

While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.

The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays: 90
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine.

His coronet, a cloud of silver-white;
His robe with unconfuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store! 95

While his loose locks descend, a golden shower.

If to his steps compar'd, we fardly find

The Grecian racers, who outstript the wind,

Fleet to the glowing race behold him start!

His quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart, 100

E And,

And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
 Swift into life and motion look the world.
 The sun-flower now averts her blooming cheek
 From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
 What gay, creative power his presence brings!
 Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
 All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,
 Instant begins in colours to exist:
 But absent these from sons of riot keep,
 Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.

T' unlock his fence, the new-risen swain prepares,
 And ere forth-driven recounts his fleecy cares;
 When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
 Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
 But by the pastor not in vain defied,
 Like our arch foe by some celestial guide.

Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey:
 Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day.
 He sees yon tower-like ship the waves divide,
 And slips again beneath the glassy tide.

The watery herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flowers,
 Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly showers.

Hail, glorious sun! to whose attractive fires,
 The waken'd, vegetative life aspires!
 The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
 Through plants, and trees, perform their genial course,
 Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
 The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
 Expand in leaves, in flowery blossoms shoot,
 Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.

From

THE WANDERER, CANTO IV. 51

From Thee, bright, universal Power! began
Instinct in brute, and generous love in man.

Talk'd I of love?—Yon swain, with amorous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks; then, listening as he plays, 135
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.

The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.

The tenants of the warren, vainly chac'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast, 140
Seek their small vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;
Red massacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.

The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd, 145
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.

Near Neptune's temple (Neptune's now no more),
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore, 150
In sportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human-kind:
Dear, pleasing friendship!—See! the pile commands
The yale, and grim at Superstition stands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green, 155
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.

O Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay; 160

When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
 Where Wisdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;
 Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim;
 What, but the Muse alone, preserve thy name?

The sun shines, broken, through yon arch that rears
 This once-round fabric, half-depriv'd by years,
 Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
 Encircling pillars now unfaithful found;
 In fragments, these the fall of those forebode,
 Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling load.
 High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
 Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
 The stork inhabits her aerial nest;
 By her are liberty and peace carest;
 She flies the realms that own despotic kings, 175
 And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings.
 The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
 And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant;
 Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
 And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by. 180

An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
 Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
 Whirl'd down a steep, it flies with torrent-force,
 Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious course.
 Attracted mists a golden cloud commence, 185
 While through high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
 Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
 Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
 Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
 Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my seat. 190

Heat

THE WANDERER, CANTO IV. 53

Heat never enters here ; but Coolness reigns
 O'er zephyrs, and distilling, watery veins.
 Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
 And live o'er scenes of many a backward age ;
 Through days, months, years, through time's whole
 course I run, 195

And present stand where time itself begun.
 Ye mighty Dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
 Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors!) here I claim.
 Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs ;
 Here truths historic give the hearts of kings. 200

Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
 And labours virtue on th' attentive mind :
 O lov'd retreat ! thy joys content bestow,
 Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
 What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see, 205
 That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.

Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
 While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
 His daughter dear !—Retir'd I see him mourn,
 By all the frenzy now of anguish torn. 210

Wild his complaint ! Nor sweeter Sorrow's strains,
 When Singer for Alexis lost complains.
 Each friend condole, expostulates, reproves ;
 More than a father raving Tully loves ;
 Or Sallust censures thus !—Unheeding blame, 215
 He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.

Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
 Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,

The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast. 220

But hark ! a sudden power attunes the air !
Th' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear ;
Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks prolong.

I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold ! 225
From ocean steam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd :
A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full-orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming light,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light. 230
Amaz'd I stood !—amaz'd I still remain !

What earthly power this wonder can explain ?
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away :
My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey.
My Hermit-friend ! 'Tis he.—All hail ! (he cries) 235
I see, and would alleviate, thy surprize.

The vanish'd meteor was heaven's message meant,
To warn thee hence : I knew the high intent.
Hear then ! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed faints converse with men inspir'd. 240

'Tis sacred ground ; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.
Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn ; there find the heaven-born Muse !
Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale 245
To the mid, silent wood, or vocal vale ;

Where

THE WANDERER, CANTO IV. 55

Where trees half check the light with trembling shades,
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
The landscape varied at each lessening end; 250
She, only she can mortal thought refine,
And raise thy voice to visitants divine.

CANTO V.

WE left the cave. Be Fear (said I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.

By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends, 5
Whose top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.

Now, from the full-grown day a beamy shower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flower. 10
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, snatch'd away.

Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound, 15
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
Bright as th' ethereal glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light. 20

From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
 Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
 Through her clear channel, shine her finny shoals,
 O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
 Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay, 25
 And shape, through rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
 Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
 Now lost, she seems through nether tracts to flow;
 Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
 Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate. 30

In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains, run
 The flocks:—their fleeces glistening in the sun;
 Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring trees,
 Recline in various attitudes of ease.
 Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry, 35
 Swift from the shore, in scattering myriads fly.

Each livery'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
 Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
 The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bower,
 And circling settles, and despoils the flower. 40
 Melodious there the plummy songsters meet,
 And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
 Neat polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
 Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
 The sun plays glittering on the rocks and spires, 45
 And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
 And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
 Sweet, slow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
 Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears. 50

Here

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 57

Here Meditation shines, in azure dress,
 All-starr'd with gems: a sun adorns her crest.
 Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
 Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies;
 Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight; 55
 Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
 Whose brow is majesty; whose bosom peace;
 Who bade creation be, and chaos cease;
 Whose breath perfumes the spring; whose eye divine
 Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine. 60
 Here, in thy likeness, fair Ophelia,* seen,
 She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
 Next her Description, rob'd in various hues,
 Invites attention from the pensive Muse!
 The Muse!—she comes! refin'd the Passions wait, 65
 And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
 The Muse! a thousand spirits wing the air
 (Once men, who made like her mankind their care):
 Inamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
 And swell to ecstacy her solemn song. 70

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
 Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
 Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
 The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
 The hours of storm, or calm, the gleby ground, 75
 The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
 A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
 Each image strikes with energy divine;

Bacon,

* Mrs. Oldfield.

Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conspire;
Nor sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre. 80

My Hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey!

Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay, 85

The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.

The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze; 90
Each a wild length of melody pursues;

While the soft-murmuring, amorous wood-dove coos,
And, when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm; 95
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;

So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chattering pie: 100

The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharpening shriek.

At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.

Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find, 105
Whose russet rags hang fluttering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.

Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
 He meets the frequent flight, and ruthless taunt. 110
 On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squandering peer;
 But passing knows not common bounty here.
 Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
 His our first fire: what race more ancient thine?
 Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw 115
 From men, whose influence kept the world in awe:
 Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
 Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
 So thine may perish, by the course of things,
 While his, from beggars, re-ascend to kings. 120
 Now, lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
 On my own state instructed would I muse.
 When I view greatness, I my lot lament;
 Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
 I might have felt, did heaven not gracious deal, 125
 A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.
 But soft! the cripple our approach descries,
 And to the gate, though weak, officious hies.
 I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
 Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say, 130
 Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
 Instance of will, without the power to give.
 Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
 How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
 When God-like souls endure a mean restraint; 135
 When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
 He truly feels what to distress belongs,
 Who to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
 Merit's

60 SAVAGE'S POEMS.

Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
 And every injur'd virtue is his own. 140
 Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
 Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure;
 Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
 And, though depress'd, superior to their fate.
 Minions in power, and misers, 'mid their store, 145
 Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
 What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid,
 A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade?
 In power we savage tyranny behold,
 And wily avarice owns polluted gold. 150
 From golden sands her pride could Libya raise,
 Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise?
 Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters breed;
 Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
 No shelter trees invite the Wanderer's eye, 155
 No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply;
 On her vast wilds no lovely prospects run;
 But all lies barren, though beneath the sun.

My Hermit thus. I know thy soul believes,
 'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves; 160
 Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
 Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
 Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
 Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
 The naked cliff, that singly rough remains, 165
 In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
 Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
 Shew, though in broken views, the blue serene.

Severe

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 61

Severe distresses industry inspire ;
 Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire, 170
 And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
 To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
 Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
 And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
 We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife,
 To calm content, through death to endless life.
 Libya thou nam'st—Let Afric's wastes appear
 Curst by those heats, that fructify the year ;
 Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
 Where clustering globes in shining rows depend. 180
 Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
 There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
 Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprize,
 Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
 Sad wintry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring 185
 The milder beauties of a flowery spring.
 Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break !
 Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake !
 Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear !
 Deep crack the rocks ! rent trees be whirl'd in air ! 190
 Rest at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn ;
 Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn ;
 Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
 Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn :
 Then all were lost !—Or would we floating view 195
 The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew ;
 Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering lie,
 Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky.

Now

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
 In parcel'd tracts to various uses wrought. 200
 Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
 There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
 Here swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
 Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;
 Whose weaving beauties, heighten'd by the sun, 205
 In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
 There the next produce of a genial shower,
 The beans fresh-blossoms in a speckled flower;
 Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
 With undulating sweets embalm the wind. 210
 Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
 And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
 There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
 Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
 The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd, 215
 Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
 For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
 The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
 As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
 Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave. 220
 Hence, to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
 Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments play:
 But Industry prepares them oft to please
 The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.
 Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow, 225
 And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
 Windward we shift. Near down th' ethereal steep,
 The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.

Dun

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 63

Dun shades, in rocky shapes up æther roll'd,
 Project long, shaggy points, deep ting'd with gold. 230
 Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's die,
 And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
 Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
 In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
 Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
 And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.
 Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
 From brown, to sandy-red, and chalky hues.
 One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
 Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing
 steeds, 240
 Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
 Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
 On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
 When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams,
 This way, and that, they different points pursue; 245
 So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
 While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
 The gifts of heaven in gay profusion rise;
 Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels rocks;
 Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves,
 and flocks; 250
 Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
 Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
 In darkening spots, mid fields of various dyes,
 Tilth new-manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
 Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display, 255
 The green grass yellowing into scentful hay,
 And

And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
 And berries blacken on the virid thorn,
 Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
 Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green. 260
 The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
 By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
 There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
 In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
 'Twixt ferns and thistles, unfown flowers amuse, 265
 And form a lucid chace of various hues;
 Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie,
 Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
 The Muse preceding with her heavenly train. 270
 When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
 Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
 And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands;
 Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands.
 O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads; 275
 The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
 Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
 And rags now chang'd, in regal vestments shine.

The Hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
 Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold; 280
 The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,
 He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
 See!—where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
 And, waving o'er yon graves, brown horrors throw,
 Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust, 285
 Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.

Vain

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 65

Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
 Who to a life of want relief deny'd.
 But thus the BARD. Are these the gifts of state?
 Gifts unreceiv'd!—These? Ye ungenerous great! 290
 How was I treated when in life forlorn?
 My claim your pity; but my lot your scorn.
 Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
 In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
 Did I contemporary authors wrong, 295
 And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my song?
 Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray,
 In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
 Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,
 Or, once-licentious, heavenly truths profane? 300
 Never.—And yet when envy sunk my name,
 Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?
 When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
 What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?
 Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed? 305
 Why crush'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead?—
 But foreign languages adopt my lays,
 And distant nations shame you into praise.
 Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause?
 Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause: 310
 Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
 And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
 Be your's the mouldering tomb! Be mine the lay
 Immortal!—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
 Though words like these unletter'd pride impeach, 315
 To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.

Though now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
 The face of human friendship, oft of care;
 To walk disguis'd an object of relief,
 A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief; 320
 Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
 Craving some kind, some hospitable home;
 Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand;
 Beseeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand;
 Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request, 325
 Wandering from court to court, a king distressed.
 Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
 Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow:
 Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
 Who deals impartial infamy and fame. 330
 Oft, as when man in mortal state depress'd,
 His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd,
 He now forms visionary scenes below,
 Inspiring patience in the heart of woe;
 Patience, that softens every sad extreme, 335
 That casts through dungeon-glooms a chearful gleam,
 Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
 And strips of terrors the terrific king,
 'Gainst Want, a sorer foe, its succour lends,
 And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends. 340
 Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd.
 Millions invisible befriend mankind.
 When watery structures, seen cross heaven t' ascend,
 Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
 Fancy beholds, adown each glittering side, 345
 Myriads of missionary seraphs glide;
 She

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 67

She sees good angels genial showers bestow
 From the red convex of the dewy bow.
 They smile upon the swain : He views the prize ;
 Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies. 350
 Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
 Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails ;
 There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
 Unequal'd glory in her Sovereign's name.
 Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear, 355
 And float the balmy health on ambient air ;
 Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers listening lie,
 Along the grove in melting music die,
 And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
 Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul. 360
 Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
 Clear-pointed to the philosophic eye ;
 The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze ;
 The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays ;
 The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows, 365
 And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes ;
 All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye ;
 The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky ;
 And indico, which shaded light displays ;
 And violet, which in the view decays. 370
 Parental hues, whence others all proceed ;
 An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed ;
 Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
 When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
 Oft through these bows departed spirits range, 375
 New to the skies, admiring at their change ;

Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
 Behold a second blank in second birth;
 Then, as yon seraph-bard fram'd hearts below,
 Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show, 380
 New founts he tutors into truth refin'd,
 And tunes to rapturous love the new-form'd mind.
 He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays
 Call high Hosannas from the voice of praise;
 Though one bad age such poesy could wrong, 385
 Now worlds around retentive roll the song:
 Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
 Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.

Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
 Sees joys resulting from well-suffering grief. 390
 Hark! while we talk, a distant pattering rain
 Refounds!—See! up the broad ætherial plain
 Shoots the bright bow!—The seraph flits away;
 The Muse, the Graces from our view decay.

Behind yon western hill the globe of light 395
 Drops sudden; fast-pursued by shades of night.

Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
 Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.

What fiends in fulphurous, car-like clouds up-flew!
 What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view! 400
 And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
 Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems;
 But Justice, rous'd, superior strength employs,
 Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys.
 Discord she wills; the missile ruin flies; 405
 Sudden, unnatural debates arise,

Doubt

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 69

Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
 Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd distrust;
 To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
 Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind ; 410
 They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
 And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile;
 Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray;
 Each dire device starts naked into day;
 They feel confusion in the van with fear ; 415
 They feel the king of terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by different motives fired,
 Ambition one, and one Revenge inspired.

The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave ;
 Thou idol seldom of the great and brave ! 420

Florio, whose life was one continued feast,
 His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
 Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
 Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires ;
 He, to repair by vice what vice has broke, 425
 Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
 His strength of mind, by luxury half dissolv'd,
 Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
 He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies ;
 Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries, 430
 Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
 And now recants, and now for mercy pleads ;
 Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
 Upbraids himself ; then thinks alone on life.

He rolls red swelling, tearful eye around, 435
 Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.

He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
 Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies;
 Revives, with hope enquires, stops short with fear,
 Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear; 440
 The worst, alas, his doom!—What friend replies?
 Each speaks with shaking head, and down-cast eyes.
 One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear;
 Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
 But what kind friendship part reserves unknown 445
 Comes thundering in his keeper's surly tone.
 Enough struck through and through, in ghastly stare,
 He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
 Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
 Till thought returns, and brings return of woes: 450
 Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
 That past—collected in himself he seems,
 And with forc'd smile retires—His latent thought
 Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.
 If with himself at variance ever-wild, 455
 With angry heaven how stands he reconcil'd?
 No penitential orisons arise;
 Nay, he objects the justice of the skies.
 Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
 His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans, 460
 To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
 Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
 To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
 One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
 At length, fatigued with grief, on earth he lies: 465
 But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,

Glad

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 71

Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering stores display :
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way. 470

What gold! What gems!—he strains to seize the prize;
Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—and must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive sleep!

Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind, 475
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling dæmons call;
Wide-flying portals seem unhing'd to fall:

Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within. 480

His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, though shameful death?
Rash, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live, 485
Murderous he strikes—may heaven the deed forgive!

Why had he thus false spirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were his success, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe. 490

Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life mispent.

Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways, 495
Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.

Near yonder fane, where misery sleeps in peace,
 Whose spire fast-lessens, as these shades increase,
 Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
 Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul! 500
 There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
 His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
 When out of power, through him the public good,
 So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
 In power, vindictive actions were his aim, 505
 And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flame.
 If the best cause he in the senate chose,
 Ev'n right in him from some wrong motive rose.
 The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise;
 Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wise. 510
 When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
 His malice had a look, and voice humane.
 His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
 A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
 Proud, yet to popular applause a slave; 515
 No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
 His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
 The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
 But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
 Bounty in him was ostentation all. 520
 No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
 His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.
 Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
 Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
 When parts in probity in man combine, 525
 In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine!

Let

Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion, which his nature feels : 530

He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride ;
But pride and anger make all fear subside.

Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate ;
A desperate spirit ! rather fierce, than great.

Darkling he glides along the dreary coast, 535
A sullen, wandering, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,

Just where a crossing, lengthening aisle we find,
Full east ; whence God returns to judge mankind, 540

Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate !
Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.

Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth survey'd ;
Behold a man, like one of us ! they said.

Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd, 545
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd

First Avarice came. In vain Self-love she press'd ;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd :

Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend. 550

Next came Revenge : but her essay how vain !
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.

No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice the mother of vindictive rage.

No—from his life his foes might learn to live ; 555
He held it still a triumph to forgive.

At

At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
 Assuming the fair look of public Zeal;
 Still in his breast so generous glow'd the flame,
 The vice, when there, a virtue half became. 560
 His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
 He deem'd it godlike to have power to bless:
 Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er;
 And virtue and content were then no more.
 But when to death by rigorous justice doom'd, 565
 His genuine spirit saint-like state resum'd,
 Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
 Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
 Oft would a drop from struggling nature fall,
 And then a smile of patience brighten all. 570

He seeks in heaven a friend, nor seeks in vain.
 His guardian angel swift descends again;
 And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
 Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;
 —Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will 575
 Of common, desperate veterans in ill,
 Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
 Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
 No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
 To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight. 580
 Ye dungeon-glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
 Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies?
 No!—from her clearer sight ye fled away,
 Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
 Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan! 585
 Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!

Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
 Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
 No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
 Behold how willing glides my parting breath! 590
 Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
 Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
 Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
 Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
 Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd, 595
 Whose virtue shone not, though I lov'd mankind,
 Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
 Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
 Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
 He taught me patience, who first taught me woe; 600
 But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
 For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
 Not those, yet absent, missive griefs control;
 These periods weep, those rave, and these condole,
 At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprize; 605
 Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies;
 One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
 Ah, who can bear?—it shocks, it murders rest!
 And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
 And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal? 610
 Is mine the patience, yours the bosom strife?
 Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
 Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! swift depart!
 Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.
 Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er control,
 In my last hour compose, support my soul!

See my blood wash repented sin away !
 Receive, receive me to eternal day !

With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
 While angels waft his soul to happier skies. 620

Distinction now gives way ; yet on we talk,
 Full darkness deepening o'er the formless walk.
 Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
 Nor bright-distends her star-embroider'd veil ;
 Her leaden feet, inclement damps distil, 625

Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill ;
 An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies,
 Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.
 So pride, that rose from dust to guilty power,
 Glares out in vain ; so dust shall pride devour. 630

Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
 With toothful tridents strike the scaly train.
 Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
 When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.

While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,
 The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast.
 At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
 And the warn'd master's arms forbid the prey !
 Thus treason steels, the patriot thus descries,
 Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies. 640

Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of night,
 Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful light.
 Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
 With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful Love.
 Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue, 645
 And Pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.

The

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 77

The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
 Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd;
 But like the man, whose frequent-stubborn will
 Resists what kind, seraphic sounds instil, 650
 Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
 Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd;
 Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
 The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless way; 655
 No friendly stars directive beams display.
 But lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
 Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.

I stand astonish'd—thus the hermit cries:
 Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprize! 660
 Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
 And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
 Grotts, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
 Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.

Can I be mortal, and those hours no more, 665
 Those amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
 Am I the same? Ah no!—Behold a mind,
 Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!

Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
 Saw my health languish off in pale decay. 670
 No racking pain yet gave disease a date;
 No sad, presageful thought preluded fate:

Yet number'd were my days—My destin'd end
 Near, and more near—Nay, every fear suspend!
 I pass'd a weary, lingering, sleepless night: 675

Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:
 But

But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few!
 Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
 When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
 My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid, 680
 Soon by soft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
 A slumber press'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
 But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia spoke;
 Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
 I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood, 685
 Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood.
 Rapturous I started up to clasp the shade;
 But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
 A mantling chillness o'er my bosom spread,
 As if that instant number'd with the dead. 690
 Her voice now sent a far, imperfect sound,
 When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
 Still farther off she call'd—With soft surprize,
 I turn'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise;
 Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew: 695
 Then up my struggling soul unburthen'd flew.
 Thus from a state, where sin and grief abide,
 Heaven summon'd me to mercy—thus I died.

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start,
 Like bolted ice runs shivering through my heart. 700
 Art thou not mortal then? I cried. But lo!
 His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
 In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
 Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air.
 Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam; 705
 Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme.

Bright

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 79

Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in varied lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;
A grace celestial gives him all to shine. 710
He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand listening round!

Thus he. As incorruption I assum'd,
As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs, 715
With different lights discern'd the form of things;
To earth my passions fell like mists away,
And reason open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celestial knowledge shone in every view. 720
My food was truth—what transport could I miss?
My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.
Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the shining way;
As far transcendant to her wonted air, 725
As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous shows,
And harmony still more harmonious grows.
She points out souls, who taught me friendship's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms! 730
Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;
Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miss, 735
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliss!

Though

Though late, let sinners then from sin depart!
 Heaven never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
 Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
 The SERAPH-BARD, in highest order plac'd! 740
 Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
 All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
 Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
 Greet smiles with smiles, and every joy with joy:
 Charmful he rose; his ever-charmful tongue 745
 Joy to our second hymeneals sung;
 Still as we pass'd, the bright, celestial throng
 Hail'd us in social love, and heavenly song.

Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
 I come an Angel to the Muse and Thee. 750
 These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
 Are emanations all of forms divine.
 And here the Muse, though melted from thy gaze,
 Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
 If thou would'st peace attain, my words attend, 755
 The last, fond words of thy departed friend!
 True joy's a seraph, that to heaven aspires,
 Unhurt it triumphs mid' celestial choirs.
 But should no cares a mortal state molest,
 Life were a state of ignorance at best, 760

Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
 Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
 Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
 Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
 Justly to know thyself, peruse mankind; 765
 To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:

Without

THE WANDERER, CANTO V. 31

Without such science of the worldly scene,
What is retirement?—Empty pride or spleen :
But with it wisdom. There shall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.

770

Trust not the frantic, or mysterious guide,
Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal !
They dim not reason, when they truth reveal ;
So shall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falsehood pure ;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die ;
And, though thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
From transient woe, immortal bliss derive.

775

780

Farewell—Nay, stop the parting tear!—I go !
But leave the Muse thy comforter below.
He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
He lessening as they rise, till seen no more.

While Contemplation weigh'd the mystic view, 785
The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.

[82]

T H E
B A S T A R D:

INSCRIBED WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE TO

MRS. B R E T T,
ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

"Decet hæc dare dona Novercam." Ov. Mét.

P R E F A C E.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the Lady, to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my Sovereign.

Neither,

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint—When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a Derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe. For being a spot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his Royalty.

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back, with confusion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced; because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the Royal Pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which His Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler lesson, to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE BASTARD.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
 The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began.
 Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways,
 He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
 No sickenly fruit of faint compliance He!
 He! stamp'd in nature's mint of ecstasy!
 He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
 No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
 His daring hope, no fire's example bounds;
 His first-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
 He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
 He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,
 In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
 Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control,
 His body independent as his soul;
 Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
 Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
 Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
 His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.

O Mother, yet no Mother! 'tis to you,
 My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
 You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
 Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
 From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
 From ties maternal, moral and divine,

Discharg'd

Discharg'd my grasping soul ; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd, 30
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to flight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own !
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire, 35
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care ;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state ; 40
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot ;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot !
Strong as necessity, he starts away, 45
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung : Gay fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd ;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will, 50
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one ;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray ;
But now, expos'd, and shrinking from distress, 55
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press ;

My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O memory ! thou soul of joy and pain !
Thou actor of our passions o'er again ! 60
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe ?
Why add continuous smart to every blow ?
Few are my joys ; alas ! how soon forgot !
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not :
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall ; 65
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st them all !

Is chance a guilt ? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart ?
Can self-defence be sin !—Ah, plead no more !
What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er ? 70
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—Or thou hadst died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall !
Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me, 75
To me ! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate ;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then ; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way ! 80
He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd ;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall ;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate

O fate of late repentance ! always vain :
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hope find rest ?—No Mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer : 90
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
 Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
 First to advance, then skreen from future harm ?
 Am I return'd from death, to live in pain ? 95
 Or would Imperial Pity save in vain ?
 Distrust it not—What blame can mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?
 Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear : 100
 All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
 Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd !
 Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
 New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim, 105
 But dare not whisper her immortal name ;
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great !
 Majestic Mother of a kneeling State !
 QUEEN of a People's heart, who ne'er before
 Agreed—yet now with one consent adore ! 110
 One contest yet remains in this desire,
 Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY

VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S

RECOVERY AT BATH.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's
charms,

And either India pours into her arms;

Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,

And pleasures dance in one eternal round;

High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame, 5

Goddeſs of mirth! Euphroſyne her name.

Her ſmile more cheerful than a vernal morn;

All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.

Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit!

She looks her Sire, and ſpeaks her Mother's wit. 10

O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;

Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.

Thee, goddeſs! thee! the fair and young obey;

Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.

In

In the bleak wild ev'n Want by thee is bless'd;
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for rest;
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind.
Science by thee flows soft in social ease,
And virtue, losing rigour, learns to please. 20

The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.
She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (she cried) is she, my favorite! she 25
Of all my race, the dearest far to me!
Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She said—But no Tyrconnel glads her sight.
Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear. 30
In kind low murmurs all the loss deplore!
Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.

The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd, 35
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
She flies, her elder sister Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd. 40
Around her birds in earliest concert sing;
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
Fresh-tinctur'd like a summer-evening sky,
And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.

Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow; 45
 Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below;
 There oft she bathes, then peaceful-sits secure,
 Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
 Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
 And all their balmy virtues fast ascend. 50

Hail, sister, hail! (the kindred goddess cries)
 No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
 You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
 Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
 Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline! 55
 Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine!
 Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
 And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
 Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
 And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy. 60
 Such thy vast power!—The deity replies.
 Mirth never asks a boon, which Health denies,
 Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
 Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspires Health.
 These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun, are
 mine; 65

Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine.

Euphrosyne rejoins—Thy friendship prove!
 See the dear, sickening object of my love!
 Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
 So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain? 70
 Sister! in her my smile anew display,
 And all the social world shall bless thy sway.

Swift,

ON LADY TYRCONNEL. 91

Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple
wing,

Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:

Now bland and sweet she floats along in air; 75

Air feels, and softening own th' æthereal fair!

In still descent she melts on opening flowers,

And deep impregnates plants with genial showers,

The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,

Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day. 80

Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,

Sweeps the fresh dew, and shakes them from her wings,

Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,

Breathes the sure earnest of awakening bliss.

Sapphira feels it, with a soft surprize, 85

Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!

Instant in her own form the goddess glows,

Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;

Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;

Steeps every charm; and, as she bathes, it lives! 90

As from her locks she sheds the vital shower,

'Tis done! (she cries) these springs possess my power!

Let these immediate to thy darling roll

Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.

Thou smil'st Euphrosyne; and conscious see, 95

Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.

All is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;

Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!

See vernal Hours lead circling Joys along!

All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song! 100

Receive

92 SAVAGE'S POEMS.

Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine,
 Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
 Quick to Augusta bear thy prize away;
 There let her smile, and bid a world be gay.

A N

E P I S T L E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

STILL let low wits, who sense nor honour prize,
 Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
 At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
 Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
 Such paint, what pity veils in private woes, 5
 And what we see with grief, with mirth expose;
 Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors spare?)
 The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear:
 Unconscious of what pangs the heart may rend,
 To lose what they have ne'er deserv'd—a friend. 10
 Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
 Expos'd persist, and answer'd still debate:

Such,

TO SIR R. WALPOLE.

93

Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others, praising thee.
Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire, 15
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron shames!
When party-minds shall lose contracted views,
And history question the recording Muse; 20
'Tis this alone to after-times must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.

Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small power, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope; 25
On that fair promise rest her future hope;
Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend; 30
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.

Where, for relief, flies Innocence distress'd? 35
To you, who chase oppression from th' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more despair. 40

Ask they what state your sheltering care shall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:

Not

Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
 Your ear still opening to the captive's cry.
 Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
 Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will! 45

To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd,
 By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.
 Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends afford,
 With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd. 50

Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
 And now mankind with thee their friendships share.

As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
 And showers down plenty thick on sundry lands,
 Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell, 55
 Made genius flourish, and made art excel.

How many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppose?
 Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes;
 Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
 And most oblig'd, most eager to complain. 60

But well we count our bliss, if well we view,
 When power oppression, not protection grew;
 View present ills that punish distant climes;
 Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.

Mark first the robe abus'd Religion wore, 65
 Story'd with griefs, and stain'd with human gore!
 What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
 Study'd, empower'd, and sanctify'd by zeal?

Stop here, my Muse!—Peculiar woes descry!
 Bid them in sad succession strike thy eye! 70
 Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs!
 She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.

See

TO SIR R. WALPOLE.

95

See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft!

See holy murder justify the theft!

His ravag'd gold some useless shrine shall raise, 75

His gems on superstitious idols blaze!

His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,

Stripp'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.

Lo, the Priest's hand the Wafer-God supplies!—

A King by consecrated poison dies! 80

See Learning range yon broad æthereal plain,

From world to world, and god-like Science gain!

Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,

The finish'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd?

Sentenc'd to flames th' expansive wisdom fell, 85

And truth from heaven was sorcery from hell.

See Reason bid each mystic wile retire,

Strike out new light! and mark!—the wise admire!

Zeal shall such heresy, like Learning, hate;

The same their glory, and the same their fate. 90

Lo, from sought mercy, one his life receives!

Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives:

The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,

Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar.

So doom'd are these, and such perhaps, our doom, 95

Own'd we a Prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.

Nor private worth alone false Zeal assails;

Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.

What are sworn friendships? What are kindred ties?

What's faith with heresy? (the zealot cries.) 100

See, when war sinks, the thundering cannon's roar;

When wounds, and death, and discord are no more;

When

When music bids undreading joys advance,
 Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance:
 When, to crown these, the social sparkling bowl 105
 Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul;
 Sudden he sends red massacre abroad;
 Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
 What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
 All-drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies; 110
 The sword, which to th' assassin's hand is given!
 Th' assassin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of heaven!
 Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
 No rank, no place, no virtue, stops his rage;
 Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease, 115
 To please with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?

Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
 When a King's will became a nation's fate.
 Enormous power! Nor noble, nor serene;
 Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean. 120
 See titles sold, to raise th' unjust supply!
 Compell'd the purchase! or be fin'd, or buy!
 No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
 Uncensur'd censures in his country's cause.
 See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan! 125
 Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
 Denying, see! where dungeon-damps arise,
 Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
 Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
 As of all deaths the lingering is the worst. 130

New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,
 Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,

Ex-

Explain'd, at will, each statute's wrested aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of shame;
So monstrous! — Life was the severest grief, 135
And the worst death seem'd welcome for relief.

In vain the Subject sought redress from law,
No senate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and senators confin'd
For the great cause of Nature and Mankind; 140
Who kings superior to the people own;
Yet prove the law superior to the throne.

Who can review without a generous tear,
A Church, a State, so impious, so severe;
A land uncultur'd through polemic jars, 145
Rich! — but with carnage from intestine wars;
The hand of Industry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to some safer shore;
All Property reduc'd, to Power a prey,
And Sense and Learning chac'd by Zeal away? 150
Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
That strove for Liberty so won, so lost:
So well regain'd when god-like William rose,
And first entail'd the blessing George bestows?
May Walpole still the growing triumph raise, 155
And bid these emulate Eliza's days;
Still serve a Prince, who, o'er his people great,
As far transcends in virtue, as in state!

The Muse pursues thee to thy rural seat;
Ev'n there shall Liberty inspire retreat. 160
When solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And sportive chat and social laughs go round:

98 SAVAGE'S POEMS.

Ev'n then, when pausing mirth begins to fail,
 The converse varies to the serious tale.
 The tale pathetic speaks some wretch that owes 165
 To some deficient law reliefless woes.
 What instant pity warms thy generous breast !
 How all the legislator stands confess'd !
 Now springs the hint ! 'tis now improv'd to thought !
 Now ripe ! and now to public welfare brought ! 170
 New bills, which regulating means bestow,
 Justice preserve, yet softening mercy know :
 Justice shall low vexatious wiles decline,
 And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine,
 Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear, 175
 To knowledge through our native language clear.
 Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
 Whence wealth and life their best assurance draw.
 The freed Insolvent, with industrious hand,
 Strives yet to satisfy the just demand : 180
 Thus ruthless men, who would his powers restrain,
 Oft what severity would lose obtain.
 These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought acquires,
 Which Liberty benevolent inspires.
 From Liberty the fruits of law increase, 185
 Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
 Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rave,
 Adventurous sails, nor fears the wind and wave ;
 At home untir'd we find th' auspicious hand
 With flocks, and herds, and harvests, blest the land : 190
 While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
 Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,

Hew,

Hew, square, and rear, magnificent, the stone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own !
What life demands by this obeys her call, 195
And added elegance consummates all.
Thus stately cities, statelier navies rise,
And spread our grandeur under distant skies.
From Liberty each nobler science sprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung : 200
A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.

What Trade sees Property that wealth maintain,
Which Industry no longer dreads to gain ;
What tender conscience kneels with fears resign'd, 205
Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind ;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to safe Science every thought sublimes ;
What Royal Power, from his superior state,
Sees public happiness his own create ; 210
But kens those patriot-souls, to which he owes
Of old each source, whence now each blessing flows ?

And if such spirits from their heaven descend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end ;
Flame from one breast, and thence to Britain shine, 215
What love, what praise, O Walpole, then is thine ?

T H E
V O L U N T E E R L A U R E A T.
A P O E M.
O N H E R
M A J E S T Y ' S B I R T H - D A Y , 1731-2.

N O . I .

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since hope, kind flatterer ! tun'd my pensive lay,
Whispering, that you, who rais'd me from despair,
Meant, by your smiles, to make life worth my care ;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to skreen 5
And o'er the motherless extend the queen.

'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain !
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain :
Heaven gave you power, because you love to bless ;
And pity, when you feel it, is redress. 10

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one !
My mother too, thought fit to have no son !
The senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone !
Yet parents pitiless, nor peers unkind, 15
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by heaven thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.

You

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 181

You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, though your mind be more; 20
Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,
You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live bestow,
Snatch but from death to sacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew, 25
Whence should I hope, if not from heaven and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.

The pitying Muses saw me wit pursue;
A bastard-son, alas! on that side too, 30
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the Muse denies, the queen inspire?
While rising thus your heavenly soul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.

Great princess! 'tis decreed—once every year 35
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
And charm the world with truths too vast for praise.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known; 40
Your Poet shall allot your lord his part,
And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.

Is there a greatness that adorns Him best,
A rising wish, that ripens in his breast?
Has He foremeant some distant age to bless, 45
Disarm oppression, or expel distress?
Plans He some scheme to reconcile mankind,
People the seas, and busy every wind?

Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
 And smile contending factions into shame ? 50
 Would his example lend his laws a weight,
 And breathe his own soft morals o'er his state ?
 The Muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
 And teach the world his praise, to charm his queen.

Such be the annual truths my verse imparts 55
 Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts !
 Happy if, plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
 My Muse, unpension'd, might her pinions try ;
 Fearless to fail, whilst you indulge her flame,
 And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's name ; 60
 Renobled thus by wreaths my queen bestows,
 I lose all memory of wrongs and woes.

T H E
 VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.
 A P O E M
 O N H E R

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

NO. II.

"GREAT princess, 'tis decreed ! once every year,
 I march uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
 So sung the Muse ; nor sung the Muse in vain :
 My queen accepts, the year renews the strain.

Ere

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 103

Ere first your influence shone with heavenly aid, 5
 Each thought was terror; for each view was shade.
 Fortune to life each flowery path deny'd ;
 No science learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
 Instead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
 Or stream, sweet-echoing to the tuneful tale ; 10
 Damp dens confin'd, or barren deserts spread,
 With spectres haunted, and the Muses fled ;
 Ruins in pensive emblem seem to rise,
 And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.

But hark ! a gladdening voice all nature cheers ! 15
 Disperse, ye glooms ! a day of joy appears ?
 Hail, happy day !—'Twas on thy glorious morn,
 The first, the fairest of her sex was born !
 How swift the change ! Cold, wintery sorrows fly ;
 Where-e'er she looks, delight surrounds the eye ! 20
 Mild shines the sun, the woodlands warble round,
 The vales sweet echo, sweet the rocks resound !
 In cordial air soft fragrance floats along ;
 Each scene is verdure, and each voice is song !

Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quickening rays ! 25
 Boundless, like her benevolence, ye blaze !
 Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye showers !
 And sweet ascend, and fair unfold ye flowers !
 Ye roses, lilies, you we earliest claim,
 In whiteness, and in fragrance, match her fame ! 30
 'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
 Undying sweets, and bloom for ever new.
 Ye blossoms, that one varied landscape rise,
 And send your scentful tribute to the skies ;

Diffusive like yon royal branches smile, 35
 Grace the young year, and glad the grateful isle !
 Attend, ye Muses ! mark the feather'd quires !
 Those the spring wakes, as you the queen inspires.
 O, let her praise for ever swell your song !

'Sweet let your sacred streams the notes prolong, 40
 Clear, and more clear, through all my lays refine ;
 And there let heaven and her reflected shine !

As, when chill blights from vernal suns retire,
 Chearful the vegetative world aspire,
 Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try 45
 Th' enlivening influence of a milder sky ;
 So gives her birth (like yon approaching spring)
 The land to flourish, and the Muse to sing.

'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
 In learning, beauty, and in virtue shone ; 50
 Beneath her rose, Longinus, in thy name,
 The poet's, critick's, and the patriot's fame !
 Is there (so high be you, great princess, prais'd !)
 A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd ?
 Art learns to soar by your sweet influence taught ; 55
 In life well cherish'd ; nor in death forgot :
 In death, as life, the learn'd your goodness tell !
 Witness the sacred busts of Richmond's cell !
 Sages, who in unfading light will shine ;

Who grasp'd at science, like your own, divine ! 60
 The Muse, who hails with song this glorious morn,
 Now looks through days, through months, through
 years unborn ;

All

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 105

All white they rise, and in their course express
A king by kings rever'd, by subjects blest !
A queen, where-e'er true greatness spreads in fame ; 65
Where learning towers beyond her sex's aim ;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, or of zeal too much ;
Where these behold, as on this blest'd of morns,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns ; 70
Where'e'er diffusive goodness smiles, a queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder seen !
See nations round, of every wish possess !
Life in each eye, and joy in every breast !
Shall I, on what I lightly touch'd, explain ? 75
Shall I (vain thought !) attempt the finish'd strain ?
No !—let the Poet stop unequal lays,
And to the just historian yield your praise.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A P O E M

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

NO. IV.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant songs,
'Twas mine to be inspir'd alone by wrongs ;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and still pursue the man.

Life

Life scarce is life—Dejection all is mine ;
 The power, that loves in lonely shades to pine ;
 Of fading cheek, of unelated views ;
 Whose weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuse.
 'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find ;
 Who shuns th' oppress'd, to fortune only kind ; 10
 Whose pity 's insult, and whose cold respect
 Is keen as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.
 Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
 Ev'n dubious friendship half averts his face.
 Thus sunk in sickness, thus with woes oppress'd, 15
 How shall the fire awake within my breast ?
 How shall the Muse her flagging pinions raise ?
 How tune her voice to Carolina's praise ?
 From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow ;
 These with fair days and gentle seasons glow : 20
 Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
 And Philomel 's the poet of the spring.

But soft, my soul ! see yon celestial light !
 Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night.
 It glads me like the morning clad in dews, 25
 And beams reviving from the vernal Muse :
 Inspiring joyous peace, 'tis she ! 'tis she !
 A stranger long to misery and me.

Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
 And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, shines. 30
 To form her garland, Zephyr, from his wing,
 Throws the first flowers and foilage of the spring.
 Her looks how lovely ! health and joy have lent
 Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.

Behold

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 107

Behold, sweet-beaming her ætherial eyes ! 35
 Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy skies.
 She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
 And pours the balm of comfort and repose ;
 Bids the heart yield to Virtue's silent call,
 And shews Ambition's sons mere children all ; 40
 Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine ;
 For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
 Oh ! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
 That breath'd through shepherd's pipe enchants the vale ;
 Hark ! she invites from city smoke and noise, 45
 Vapours impure, and from impurer joys ;
 From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
 Untune the body, and pollute the mind :
 From crouds, to whom no social faith belongs,
 Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs ; 50
 With whom politeness is but civil guile,
 And laws oppress, exerted by the vile,
 To this oppos'd, the Muse presents the scene ;
 Where sylvan pleasures ever smiles serene ;
 Pleasures that emulate the blest above, 55
 Health, innocence, and peace, the Muse, and Love ;
 Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
 By friendly converse, and abstracted thought.
 These sooth my throbbing breast. No loss I mourn ;
 Though both from riches and from grandeur torn. 60
 Weep I a cruel mother ? No—I've seen,
 From heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
 One gave me life ; but would no comfort grant ;
 She more than life resum'd by giving want.

Would

Would stie the being which she gave destroy ? 65
 My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
 Honours and Wealth I chearfully resign ;
 If competence, if learned ease be mine !
 If I by mental, heartfelt joys be fir'd,
 And in the vale by all the Muse inspir'd ! 70

Here cease my plaint—See yon enlivening scenes !
 Child of the spring ! Behold the best of queens !
 Softness and beauty rose this heavenly morn,
 Dawn'd wisdom, and benevolence was born.
 Joy, o'er a people, in her influence rose ; 75
 Like that which spring o'er rural nature throws.
 War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,
 And breaks his billows on some distant shore.
 Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,
 And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the isle. 80
 Lo ! industry surveys, with feasted eyes,
 His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise !
 Nor (taught by Commerce) joys in that alone ;
 But sees the harvest of a world his own.
 Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames ! 85
 Rich river ! richer than Pactolus' streams !
 Than these renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
 O'er intermingled pearls, and sands of gold.
 How glorious thou, when from old ocean's urn,
 Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return ! 90
 Alive thy banks ! along each bordering line,
 High cultur'd blooms, inviting villa's shine :
 And while around ten thousand beauties glow,
 These still o'er those redoubling lustre throw.

“ Come

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 109

- "Come then (so whisper'd the indulgent Muse) 95
"Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows lose!
"Come then, and hymn this day! The pleasing scene
"Shews, in each view, the genius of thy queen.
"Hear Nature whispering in the breeze her song!
"Hear her sweet-warbling through the feather'd
 "throng! 100
"Come! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
"And with the vegetative smile delight!
"Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
"Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before;
"Receive it grateful, and adore, when given, 105
"The goodness of thy parent, queen, and heaven!
 "With me each private virtue lifts the voice;
"While public spirit bids a land rejoice:
"O'er all thy queen's benevolence descends,
"And wide o'er all her vital light extends. 110
"As winter softens into spring, to you
"Blooms fortune's season, through her smile, anew.
"Still for past bounty, let new lays impart
"The sweet effusions of a grateful heart!
"Cast through the telescope of hope your eye! 115
"There goodness infinite, supreme, descry!
"From him that ray of virtue stream'd on earth,
"Which kindled Caroline's bright soul to birth.
"Behold! he spreads one universal spring!
"Mortals, transform'd to angels, then shall sing; 120
"Oppression then shall fly with want and shame,
"And blessing and existence be the same!"

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THE
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A P O E M

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

NO. V.

LO! the mild sun salutes the opening spring,
And gladdening nature calls the Muse to sing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
And health, and song, and fragrance fill the gale.
Yet, mildest suns, to me are pain severe, 5
And music's self is discord to my ear! -
I, jocund spring, unsympathizing, see,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what spirits can I find!
What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind? 10
From absent books what studious hint devise?
From absent friends, what aid to thought can rise?
A genius whisper'd in my ear—Go seek
Some man of state!—The Muse your wrongs may
speak.
But will such listen to the plaintive strain? 15
The happy seldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?
Why was I form'd of elegant desires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aspires! 20
Why,

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 111

Why, by the proud, and wicked, crush'd to earth ?
Better the day of death, than day of birth !

Thus I exclaim'd : a little cherub smil'd ;
Hope, I am call'd (said he), a heaven-born child !
Wrongs sure you have ; complain you justly may : 25
But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away !
No—trust to honour ! that you ne'er will stain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Trust more to Providence ! from me ne'er swerve !
Once to distrust, is never to deserve. 30

Did not this day a Caroline disclose ?
I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose !
(Blessing, o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine !)
'Tis hers, as mine, to chace away despair ; 35
Woe undeserv'd is her peculiar care.
Her bright benevolence sends me to grief :
On want sheds bounty, and on wrong relief.

Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind. 40
With her came Fortitude of god-like air !
These arm to conquer ills ; at least to bear :
Arm'd thus, my queen, while wayward fates ordain,
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain ;
Your bard, his sorrows with a smile endures ; 45
Since to be wretched is, to be made yours.

THE
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A N O D E

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

NO. VI.

YE spirits bright, that æther rove,
That breathe the vernal soul of love;
Bid health descend in balmy dews,
And life in every gale diffuse;
That give the flowers to shine, the birds to sing; 5
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of spring!
The virgin snow-drop first appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flowery tribe, profuse and gay,
Spread to the soft, inviting ray. 10
So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.
The warblers various, sweet and clear,
From bloomy sprays salute the year.
O Muse, awake! ascend and sing! 15
Hail the fair rival of the spring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To her, the pride of arts! the Muse's song.
Kind, as of late her clement sway,
The season sheds a tepid ray. 20

The

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. 113

The storms of Boreas rave no more ;
The storms of faction cease to roar,
At vernal suns as wintery tempests cease,
She, lovely power ! smiles faction into peace.

THE
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

For the 1st of MARCH, 1737-8.

A P O E M

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE

M A J E S T Y.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO HIS

M A J E S T Y.

NO. VII.

OF T has the Muse, on this distinguish'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay ;
But, O lamented change ! the lay must flow
From gra-tul rapture now to grateful woe.
She, to this day who joyous lustre gave, 5
Descends for ever to the silent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.

I

To

To be or fondly or severely kind,
 To check the rash or prompt the better mind, 10
 Parents shall learn from her, and thus shall draw
 From filial love alone a filial awe.

Who seek in avarice wisdom's art to save ;
 Who often squander, yet who never gave ;
 From her these knew the righteous mean to find, 15
 And the mild virtue stole on half mankind.

The lavish now caught frugal wisdom's lore ;
 Yet still, the more they sav'd, bestow'd the more.
 Now misers learn'd at others woes to melt,
 And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt. 20

The generous, when on her they turn'd their view,
 The generous ev'n themselves more generous grew,
 Learn'd the shunn'd haunts of shame-fac'd want to
 trace ;

To goodness, delicacy, adding grace.
 The conscious cheek no rising blush confess'd, 25
 Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modest breast ;
 Kind and more kind did thus her bounty shower,
 And knew no limit but a bounded power.

This truth the widow's sighs, alas ! proclaim ;
 For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame. 30
 The wife beheld her learning's summit gain,
 Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain :
 But on one science point a steadfast eye,
 That science—how to live and how to die.

Say, Memory, while to thy grateful sight 35
 Arise her virtues in unfading light,

What

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT, *1113

What joys were ours, what sorrows now remain :

Ah ! how sublime the bliss ! how deep the pain !

And thou, bright princess, seated now on high,
Next one, the fairest daughter of the sky, 49
Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,

Thy sister Charity ! next her thy throne ;

See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie !

There in dumb sorrow seem the Arts to die.

So were the sun o'er other orbs to blaze, 45

And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,

No more to visit where he warm'd before,

All life must cease, and nature be no more.

Yet shall the Muse a heavenly height essay

Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay ; 50

Beyond the loss, which, though she bleeds to see,

Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee !

Beyond ev'n this, she hails with joyous lay,

Thy better birth, thy first true natal day ;

A day, that sees thee borne, beyond the tomb, 55

To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom ;

Borne to the mighty dead, the souls sublime

Of every famous age, and every clime ;

To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,

To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause— 60

Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene,

Sheds a soft ray on this our gloomy scene.

With me now liberty and learning mourn,

From all relief, like thy lov'd consort, torn ;

For where can prince or people hope relief, 65

When each contend to be supreme in grief ?

*114 SAVAGE'S POEMS.

So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern ; yet so well obey.

Deign one look more ! ah ! see thy consort dear
Wishing all hearts, except his own, to chear. 70

Lo ! stills he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.

He stops all tears, however fast they rise,
Save those that still must fall from grateful eyes,
And, spite of griefs that so usurp his mind, 75
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.

Father of those, whose rights thy care defends,
Still most their own, when most their sovereign's friends ;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When most they trust, when most they copy thee ; 80

Ah ! let the lowest of thy subjects pay
His honest heart-felt tributary lay ;

In anguish happy, if permitted here,
One sigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear ;
Happier, if pardon'd, should he wildly moan, 85
And with a monarch's sorrow mix his own.

OF

PUBLIC SPIRIT
OF
PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS.





[175]

OF
PUBLIC SPIRIT
IN REGARD TO
PUBLIC WORKS:
AN EPISTLE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

C O N T E N T S.

OF reservoirs, and their use; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and stopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houses; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the noblest uses; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. squares, streets, mansions, palaces, courts of justice, senate-houses, theatres, hospitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The slave-trade censured, &c.

GREAT Hope of Britain !—Here the Muse essays
 A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.
 Be Her's a zeal of Public Spirit known !
 A princely zeal !—a Spirit all your own !

Where never Science beam'd a friendly ray, 5
 Where one vast blank neglected Nature lay ;
 From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
 Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void,
 Hail, arts ! where safety, treasure, and delight,
 On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite ! 10
 Those wondrous works, O Muse ! successive raise,
 And point their worth, their dignity, and praise !

What though no streams, magnificently play'd,
 Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade ;
 Through nether pipes, which nobler use renowns, 15
 Lo ! ductile rivulets visit distant towns !
 Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
 Whose agueish influence tainted heaven before.
 The solid isthmus sinks a watery space,
 And wonders, in new state, at naval grace. 20
 Where the flood deepening rolls, or wide extends,
 From road to road yon arch, connective, bends :
 Where ports were choak'd ; where mounds, in vain,
 Arose ;

There harbours open, and there breaches close ;
 To keels, obedient, spreads each liquid plain, 25
 And bulwark moles repel the boisterous main.
 When the sunk sun no homeward sail befriends,
 On the rock's brow the light-house kind ascends,

And

And from the shoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray. 30
Count still, my Muse (to count, what Muse can
cease?)

The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By them shall plants, in forests, reach the skies;
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise
(Navies, which to invasive foes explain, 35
Heaven throws not round us rocks and seas in vain):
The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
And property assures what toil acquires.

Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No slave!—His option and his gain are free: 40
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who plows the furrow, or who owns the field.

Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless, leafless, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and physic plenty showers. 45
Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flowers.
Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
The feast of life, the treasure of the loom. 50

On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves;
While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathless woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view.
See the parterre confess expansive day; 55
The grót, elusive of the noon-tide ray.

Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
 Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
 Now the blue lake reflected heaven displays;
 Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze. 60
 Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene;
 Now centre, now commence, or end the scene.
 Lo, proud alcoves! lo, soft sequester'd bowers!
 Retreats of social, or of studious hours!
 Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend; 65
 There others natively-grotesque depend.
 The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
 How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel;
 And how, while these their rival charms impart,
 Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art; 70
 Thus, in the various, yet harmonious space,
 Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.

When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
 Free-opening gates, and bowery pleasures free;
 For sure great souls one truth can never miss, 75
 Bliss not communicated is not bliss.

Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
 Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase;
 From peasant hands imperial works arise,
 And British hence with Roman grandeur vies; 80
 Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
 That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
 That alters nature's regulated grace,
 Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
 Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie, 85
 Magnificently useless strike the eye;

(Useless,

(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
 Where seas encircle, and where fleets defend;)

What though no arch of triumph is assign'd
 To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd mankind; 90
 Though no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
 No pyramid aspires, sublimely lost;
 Yet the safe road through rocks shall winding tend,
 And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
 Lo! stately streets, lo! ample squares invite 95
 The salutary gale, that breathes delight.
 Lo! structures mark the charitable soil
 For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
 Worn out with care, infirmity, and age;
 The life here entering, quitting there the stage: 100
 The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
 To starve or bleed for errors not his own!
 Let the frail mother 'scape the same defil'd,
 If from the murdering mother 'scape the child!
 Oh, guard his youth from sin's alluring voice; 105
 From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
 His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
 Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
 Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride. 110
 Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
 To that still worthy of the wise and great.
 Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
 They shall—when pleasure and instruction blend.
 Let theatres from Public Spirit shine! 115
 Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!

See! the gay Muse of pointed wit posselt,
 Who makes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest :
 What though she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
 And laughs each favorite folly into shame, 129
 With liberal light the tragic charms the age :
 In solemn-training robes she fills the stage ;
 There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
 Alive in character distinctly shines.
 Quick passions change alternate on her face ; 135
 Her diction music, as her action grace.
 Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
 Pathetic sighs, and pity-moving tears ;
 Instant we catch her generous glow of soul,
 Till one great striking moral crowns the whole. 130

Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
 Honour exalts, and love expands the thought ;
 Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
 Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.

Where various edifice the land renowns, 135
 There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
 She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
 Bids painting live along the storied wall ;
 Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
 And much she welcomes all, but most the poor ; 140
 She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
 The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends ;
 She rears the tower, whose height the heavens admire ;
 She rears, she rounds, she points the lessening spire ;
 At her command the college-roofs ascend 145
 (For Public Spirit still is learning's friend).

Stupendous

Stupendous piles, which useful pomp compleats,
 Thus rise Religion's, and thus Learning's seats;
 There moral truth and holy science spring,
 And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing,
 There some draw health from herbs and mineral veins,
 Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
 Some call from history past times to view,
 And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
 Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd,
 And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.

Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond desire,
 And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
 Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
 The swelling arch, and stately colonnade;
 Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
 Till various all in one proud work combine!

But now be all the generous Goddess seen,
 When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!
 Ye sons of misery, attract her view!
 Ye fallow, hollow-eyed, and meagre crew!
 Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
 That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
 Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
 Ev'n willing industry grows useless here,
 Are we too populous at length confess'd,
 From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
 Has war so long withdrawn his barbarous train,
 That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
 So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
 That want must prey on those disease would spare?

Hence

Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
 Though born the pride, the shame of human race;
 Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
 Live but themselves and others to destroy. 180

Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
 First driven by want, from habit desperate grown;
 Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain
 (Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
 Torn from, in spite of nature's tenderest cries, 185
 Parental, filial, and connubial ties:

The trader, when on every side distressed,
 Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
 To prop his question'd credit's tottering state,
 Others he first involves to share his fate; 190
 Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam,
 Never to hope a friend, nor find a home,

This Public Spirit sees, she sees and feels!
 Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
 (The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows 195
 For others welfare, and for others woes)—
 And what can I (she said) to cure their grief?
 Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
 Forth shall I lead them to some happier soil,
 To conquest lead them, and enrich with spoil? 200
 Bid them convulse a world, make nature groan,
 And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
 No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
 Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!
 Whole nations to depopulate is thine; 205
 To people, culture, and protect, be mine!

Then

Then range the world, Discovery!—Strait he goes
 O'er seas, o'er Libya's sands, and Zembla's snows;
 He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
 (Vain smile!) on some luxuriant houseless wild. 210
 How many sons of want might here enjoy
 What Nature gives for age but to destroy?
 Blush, blush, O sun (she cries) here vainly found,
 To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round!
 Shall heaven distil in dews, descend in rain, 215
 From earth gush fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
 There shall the watery lives in myriads stray,
 And be, to be alone each other's prey?
 Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own
 The various species of mechanic stone? 220
 From structure this, from sculpture that confine?
 Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine?
 Shall mines, obedient, aid no artist's care,
 Nor give the martial sword, and peaceful share?
 Ah! shall they never precious ore unfold, 225
 To smile in silver, or to flame in gold?
 Shall here the vegetable world alone,
 For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown?
 While food and phylic, plants and herbs supply,
 Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die? 230
 Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
 Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?
 Shall here th' irrational, the savage kind,
 Lord it o'er stores by heaven for man design'd,
 And trample what mild suns benignly raise, 235
 While man must lose the use, and heaven the praise?

Shall

Shall it then be?—(Indignant here she rose,
 Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)—
 No! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
 By men for virtue deify'd by fame, 240
 Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,
 And then bade empire be maturely great;
 By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)
 Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.
 Rapt, I a future colony survey! 245
 Come then, ye sons of Misery! come away!
 Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,
 (Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone!
 Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
 In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose! 250
 Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
 Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
 Let families, long strangers to delight,
 Whom wayward fate dispers'd, by me unite;
 Here live enjoying life; see plenty, peace; 255
 Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
 As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
 To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
 Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
 Various the goddesses colours human life; 260
 So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
 Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
 Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
 Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the
 mew;
 Where

Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent lies, 265
Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,
And towns shall open (all of structure fair !)
To brightening prospects, and to purest air ;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green-succeed,
And flocks increasing whiten all the mead. 270

On science science, arts on arts refine ;
On these from high all heaven shall smiling shine,
And Public Spirit here a people show,
Free, numerous, pleas'd, and busy all below.

Learn, future natives of this promised land, 275
What your forefathers ow'd my saving hand !
Learn, when Despair such sudden bliss shall see,
Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me !

Do you the neighbouring blameless Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade, 280
Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand subjection never due.

Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilize ?
Know, Liberty and I are still the same, 285
Congenial !—ever mingling flame with flame !

Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, though form'd by nature free,
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject, whom nature equal meant ? 290

If these you dare (albeit unjust success
Empowers you now unpunish'd to oppress)
Revolving empire you and your's may doom
(Rome all subdued, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome),

Yes,

Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day, 295
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.

Thus (ah! how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raise),
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly-clear,
Worthy a Thomson's Muse, a FREDERICK's ear, 300
Thus spoke the Goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her interest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from life's middle state, 305
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, though in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame; 310
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.

Mixing with these, a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read, 315
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head.
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, softening into ease polite. 320

Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;

For

For him fine marble in the quarry lies, 325
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

T O

MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,

ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN

NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON;

Occasioned by seeing his PICTURE of the
celebrated CLIO*.

FORGIVE an artless, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a Muse.

Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves, appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine!
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine: 10
Such vivid tinctures sure through æther glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the watery bow:

If

* See Dyer's Poems,

If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
 Sure some enamour'd Godt his draught inspir'd !
 Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame, 15
 Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame !
 Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
 Ah !—let no pleasing view the loss supply.

Some dreary den, some desert waste prepare,
 Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my despair. 20

But still, my friend, still the sweet object stays,
 Still stream your colours rich with Clio's rays !
 Sure at each kindling touch your canvass glows !
 Sure the full form, instinct with spirit, grows !
 Let the dull artist puzzling rules explore, 25
 Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er ;
 You eye the soul—there genuine nature find,
 You, through the meaning muscles, strike the mind.

Nor can one view such boundless power confine,
 All Nature opens to an art like thine ! 30
 Now rural scenes in simple grandeur rise !
 Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feast our eyes,
 Now hallow'd Peace a smiling aspect wears !
 Now the red scene with war and ruin glares !
 Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's seas preside ! 35
 There long-lost cities rear their ancient pride ;
 You from the grave can half redeem the slain,
 And bid great Julius charm the world again :
 Mark out Pharsalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
 And image all the honours of the day. 40

But if new glories most our warmth excite ;
 If toils untry'd to noblest aims invite ;

Would

Would you in envy'd pomp unrival'd reign,
 Oh, let Horatius grace the canvass plain !
 His form might ev'n idolatry create, 45
 In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth elate !
 Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
 From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.
 For him kind suns on fruits and grains shall shine,
 And future gold lie ripening in the mine : 50
 For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
 Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise.
 Through those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
 Each conquering sweetness, each imperial grace,
 All that is soft, or eminently great, 55
 In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.

Thus shall your colours, like his worth amaze !
 Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise !
 Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
 While my dim lamp of life obscure declines : 60
 Dull'd in damp shades, it wastes, unseen, away,
 While yours, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

[130]

V E R S E S

SENT TO

AARON HILL, Esq.

With the TRAGEDY of SIR THOMAS OVER-
BURY, expecting him to correct it.

I.

AS the foul, stript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky way,
And views sweet prospects there,

II.

This hero, clogg'd with drossy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright scenes around him rise.

III.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass,
So sought, so long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or brass,
At once to purest gold.

PRO-

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF

SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY THE SIXTH,

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

Printed before the Play from a spurious Copy.

TO-night a patient ear, ye Britons lend,
 And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
 Here, cheaply warn'd, ye blest descendants view,
 What ills on England, Civil Discord drew.
 To wound the heart, the martial Muse prepares; 5
 While the red scene with raging slaughter glares.

Here, while a monarch's sufferings we relate,
 Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
 While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
 Doom'd for his grandfire's guilt, poor Henry falls. 10
 In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
 And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
 Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
 Drew on by meekness his disastrous fate.

Thus when you see this land by faction tost, 15
 Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;
 Let this reflection from the action flow,
 We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
 Oh, let us then intestine discord shun,
 We ne'er can be, but by ourselves, undone! 20

THE
ANIMALCULE.

A T A L E.

Occasioned by his Grace the Duke of RUTLAND's
receiving the SMALL-POX by INOCULATION.

I.

IN Animalcules, Muse, display
Spirits, of name unknown in song !
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

II.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey ;
Minuteſt things may ſwarms contain :
When o'er your ivory teeth they ſtray,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids, in drops, minutely ſwell ;
Theſe ſubtil beings each contains ;
In the ſmall ſanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

IV.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer ſpirits ſtrike the brain ;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And ſeek, through pores, the heart again.

THE ANIMALCULE; A TALE. 133

V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future Man.

VI.

But, when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve
They matter, through all forms, pursue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
When Man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

VIII.

In Rome this Animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the classics rate!
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, power, and bounty great.

IX.

In Britain, Halifax it rose;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's strains);
And now it rediminish'd glows,
To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

X.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too seldom perfect cures befall it:
The Muse may term it Beauty's foe;
In physic, the Small-Pox we call it.

XI.

From Turks we learn this plague t' assuage,
 They, by admitting, turn its course:
 Their kifs will tame the tumor's rage;
 By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
 While, watchful in the ambient air,
 This little, guardian, subtil spright
 Did with the poison in repair.

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
 Th' infection, now dilated thin,
 In pearly pimples but appears,
 Expell'd upon the surface skin.

XIV.

And now it, mouldering, wastes away:
 'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
 Our Animalcule keeps its stay,
 And must new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the Noble's thoughts are seen,
 Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires!
 It now reflects what it has been,
 And, rapturous, at his change admires!

XVI.

Its pristine virtues kept, combine,
 To be again in Rutland known
 But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
 Nor equal, nor encrease his own.

MRS. ELIZ. HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A Muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise;
Nor will she, at her withering wreath repine,
But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.

The Sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As music fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife:
Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear, and Reason, Love's control,
Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the soul:
Black Falsehood wears bright Gallantry's disguise,
And the guilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely shine,
And when most mortal half appear divine. 20
If, when some god-like, favourite passion sways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,

Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.

Eliza, still impaint Love's powerful Queen ! 25

Let Love, soft Love, exalt each swelling scene.

Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide lists advance !

Spain yields in fiction, in politeness France.

Such orient light, as the first poets knew,

Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view ! 30

A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,

Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire !

Thy Fable glows so rich through every page,

What moral's force can the fierce heat assuage ?

And yet—but say if ever doom'd to prove 35

The sad, the dear perplexities of Love !

Where seeming transport softens every pain,

Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain ;

Varying from pangs to visionary joys,

Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys ! 40

Say then—if Love to sudden rage gives way,

Will the soft passion not resume its sway ?

Charming, and charm'd, can Love from Love retire ?

Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire ?

Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine, 45

More we admire ! but cannot prove divine.

A N

APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING

LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

In Imitation of a certain Mimic of Anacreon.

CAN I matchless charms recite?

Source of ever-springing light!

Could I count the vernal flowers,

Count in endless time the hours;

Count the countless stars above,

Count the captive hearts of Love;

Paint the torture of his fire,

Paint the pangs those eyes inspire!

(Pleasing torture, thus to shine,

Purify'd by fires like thine!)

Then I'd strike the sounding string!

Then I'd thy perfection sing.

Mythic world!—Thou something more!

Wonder of th' Almighty's store!

Nature's depths we oft desery,

Oft they're pierc'd by Learning's eye;

Thou, if thought on thee would gain,

Prov'st (like heaven) enquiry vain.

Charms unequal'd we pursue!

Charms in shining throngs we view!

Number'd then could nature's be,

Nature's self were poor to thee.

A N

AN
E P I S T L E
T O
M R S. O L D F I E L D,
OF THE THEATRE ROYAL.

WHILE to your charms unequal verse I raise,
Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praise :
Here Art and Genius new refinement need,
Liftening, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede !
Can Art or Genius, or their powers combin'd,
But from corporeal organs, sketch the mind ?
When sound embody'd can with shape surprize,
The Muse may emulate your voice and eyes.

Mark rival arts perfection's point pursue !
Each rivals each, but to excel in you !
The Bust and Medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud Statue adds the posture's grace !
Imag'd at length, the bury'd Heroine, known,
Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown in stone !
As art would art, or metal stone surpass,
Her soul strikes, gleaming, through Corinthian bras !
Serene, the saint in smiling silver shines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er fainted shrines !
If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow !
Each look, each attitude, new grace displays ;
Your voice and motion life and music raise.

Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines ;
She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines !

Fair,

Fair, and more fair, you every grace transmit ; 25
 Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.

Cæsar, the world's unrival'd master, fir'd,
 In her imperial soul, his own admir'd !

Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
 And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain. 30

Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
 Or catch the silver accents as they flow,
 Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
 Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.

Say, sweet inspirer ! were each annal known, 35
 What living greatness shines there not your own !

If the griev'd Muse by some lov'd empress rose,
 New strength, new grace, it to your influence owes !
 If power by war distinguish'd height reveals,
 Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals ! 40
 Then could an empire's cause demand your care,
 The soul, that justly thinks, would greatly dare.

Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muse's praise,
 You dart, divine Ophelia ! genuine rays !
 Warm through those eyes enlivening raptures roll ! 45
 Sweet through each striking feature streams your soul !
 The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires :
 Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace
 inspires !

Know, then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you stand,
 What Fate declines, you from the Muse demand ! 50
 Each grace that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
 Or may in modern dames refinement wear ;

Whate'er

140 SAVAGE'S POEMS.

Whate'er just, emulative thoughts pursue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If godlike bosoms pant for power to bless, 55
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress;
In conscious majesty you shine serene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM,
called GIDEON.

* * * The lines marked thus " are taken from GIDEON.

I.

LET other poets poorly sing
Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wandering fancy wing,
And rival nature's most luxuriant store,
To swell some monster's pride, who shames a state, 5
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic power!
Thou, who inform'd'st this clay with active fire!
Do thou, Supreme of Powers! my thoughts refine,
And with thy purest heat my soul inspire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine! 10
As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
So he with sweet, seraphic lays
Redeems the use of captive poetry,
Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious praise!

II. Moses,

ON MR. HILL'S GIDEON. 141

II.

Moses, with an enchanting tongue, 15
Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung!

When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the softening fire!

And, by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre. 20
Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' song,
Roll in one channel more divinely strong!

With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies,
"Wafted in charming music through the air!"

Unstopt by clouds, it reaches to the skies, 25
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes th' Almighty's ear!

III.

Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see!

That Gideon born to set his country free.

O that such heroes in each age might rise, 30
Brightening through vapours like the morning-star,

Generous to triumph, and in council wise!

Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

IV.

When Gideon, Oreb, Hiram, Shimron shine:

Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage! 35

Great bard! what energy, but thine,
Could reach the vast description of their rage?

Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,

Sareph and Hamar call for aid,

Lost,

Lost, and bewilder'd in despair, 40
 How piercing are the hapless lover's cries!
 What tender strokes in melting accents rise!
 Oh, what a master-piece of pity's there?
 Nor goodly Joash shows thy sweetness less,
 When, like kind heaven, he frees them from distress! 45

V.

Hail thou, whose verse, a living image, shines,
 In Gideon's character your own you drew!
 As there the graceful patriot shines,
 We in that image bright Hillarius view!
 Let the low crowd, who love unwholesome fare, 50
 When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
 Like gross-fed spirits, sick in purer air,
 Their earthy souls by their dull taste disclose!
 Thy dazzling genius shines too bright!
 And they, like spectres, shun the streams of light. 55
 But while in shades of ignorance they stray,
 Round thee rays of knowledge play,
 'And shew thee glittering in abstracted day.' }

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,
 DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS,
 WHEN WITH CHILD.

AS when the sun walks forth in flaming gold,
 Mean plants may smile, and humble flowers unfold,
 The low-laid lark the distant æther wings,
 And, as she soars, her daring anthem sings;

So,

TO LADY ROCHFORD. 143

So, when thy charms celestial views create, 5
 My smiling song surmounts my gloomy fate.
 Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
 Claims my fond wish, and fires my future praise:
 May it, if male, its grandfire's image wear;
 Or in its mother's charms confess the fair; 10
 At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
 Soft be the pain, but prove the blessing great.

Hail, Rivers! hallow'd shade! descend from rest!
 Descend and smile, to see thy Rochford blest:
 Weep not the scenes through which my life must run, 15
 Though fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid son.
 The bar that, darkening, cross'd my crested claim,
 Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
 That blood which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
 In cold, unwilling wanderings trac'd my veins.
 Want's wintry realm froze hard around my view;
 And scorn's keen blasts a cutting anguish-blew.
 To such sad weight my gathering griefs were wrought,
 Life seem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought!
 Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine, 25
 Madness were ease, to misery form'd like mine!

Yet my Muse waits thee through the realms of day,
 Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
 Sure my fierce woes will, like those fires, refine,
 Thus lose their torture, and thus glorious shine! 30
 And now the Muse heaven's milky path surveys,
 With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering strays,
 Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
 Round suns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy soul!

Hence

Hence lights refracted run through distant skies, 35
 Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
 So thy mind darted through its earthy frame,
 A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.

Now a new scene enormous lustre brings,
 Now seraphs shade thee round with silver wings; 40
 In angel-forms thou seest thy Rochford shine;
 In each sweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
 Such was her soul, ere this selected mould
 Sprung at thy wish, the sparkling life t' infold!
 So amidst cherubs shone her son refin'd, 45
 Are infant-flesh the new-form'd soul enshrin'd!
 So shall a sequent race from Rochford rise,
 The world's fair pride—Descendants of the skies.

TO THE EXCELLENT

M I R A N D A ,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH softening charm of Clio's smiling song,
 Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
 These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
 Tender, yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
 Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care, 5
 Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
 To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
 The Muses and the Virtues tune thy mind.

V E R S E S

V E R S E S

Y O U N G L A D Y.

POLLY, from me, though now a love-sick youth,

Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!

Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;

So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;

A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;

You've cruelty, yet, ev'n with that, good-nature:

Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile;

Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.

Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd;

My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.

How would you praise me, should your sex defame!

Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.

If I despair, with some kind look you bless;

But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.

You scorn; yet should my passion change, or fail,

Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.

You love; yet from your lover's wish retire;

Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.

Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,

Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

T H E
G E N T L E M A N.

ADDRESSED TO

J O H N J O L I F F E, E s q.

A Decent mein, an elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease, each winning grace ex-
press ;

A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines ;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust, 5
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust ;
The social manners, and the heart humane ;
A nature ever great, and never vain ;
A wit, that no licentious pertness knows ;
The sense, that unassuming candour shows ; 10
Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect ;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too ;
Thence taste ; thence truth, which will from taste ensue ;
Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear ; 15
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere ;
An humble, though an elevated mind ;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind ;
If these esteem and admiration raise ;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praise, 20
In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man we see ;
These graces all are thine, and thou art He.

CHARAC.

C H A R A C T E R

OF THE

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

* * * * *

FROM Codex hear, ye ecclesiastic men,
 This pastoral charge to Webster, Stebbing, Ven;
 Attend, ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
 Mark Faith, mark Hope, mark Charity, defin'd;
 On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw, 5
 Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
 First wealth, a crozier next, your hope enflame;
 And next church-power—a power o'er conscience,
 claim;
 In modes of worship right of choice deny;
 Say, to convert, all means are fair;—add, why? 10
 'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
 That Persecution then is Charity;
 Call reason error; forms, not things, display;
 Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
 Sink demonstration; mystery preach alone; 15
 Be thus Religion's friend, and thus your own.
 But Foster well this honest truth extends—
 Where Mystery begins, Religion ends.

148 SAVAGE'S POEMS.

In him, great modern miracle! we see
 A priest, from avarice and ambition free; 20
 One, whom no persecuting spirit fires;
 Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires:
 Learn'd, not assuming; eloquent, yet plain;
 Meek, though not timorous; conscious, though not
 vain;
 Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant; 25
 Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
 His faith, where no credulity is seen,
 'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
 His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
 'Tis that bright crown, which heaven reserves for worth.
 A priest, in charity with all mankind,
 His love to virtue, not to sect confin'd:
 Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
 From him, who fears no being, but his God:
 In him from Christian, moral light can shine; 35
 Not mad with mystery, but a sound divine;
 He wins the wise and good, with reason's lore;
 Then strikes their passions with pathetic power;
 Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
 Mix'd with rebuke, persuasive charms engage; 40
 Charms, which th' unthinking must to thought excite;
 Lo! vice less vicious! virtue more upright:
 Him copy, Codex, that the good and wise,
 Who so abhor thy heart, and head despise,
 May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name, 45
 And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

But

But should some churchman, apeing wit severe,
 The poet's sure turn'd Baptist—say, and sneer;
 Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
 Which in one mode of faith, owns worth alone. 50
 Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
 Virtue is virtue, wherefoe'er she dwells;
 And sure, where learning gives her light to shine,
 Her's is all praise—if her's, 'tis Foster, thine.
 Thee boast dissenters; we with pride may own 55
 Our Tillotson; and Rome, her Fenelon*.

T H E
 P O E T ' s D E P E N D A N C E
 O N A
 S T A T E S M A N .

SOME seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
 That, from neglect, my numerous hardships
 spring.

* In this Character of the Rev. James Foster, truth guided the pen of the Muse. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter Controversialist are forgotten.

E.

Seek the great man ! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him, if I court fortune, I succeed.

What friends to second ? who for me should sue, 5
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.

They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.

There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace. 10

Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain ?
A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Those love him : let those serve him !—why should I ?

Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views ; 15
At first desert my friends, at length abuse ?
But, on less terms, in promise he complies :
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise ;
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain ;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train. 20

Be posts dispos'd at will !—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to teaze.
All secret service from my soul I hate ;
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state.
I have no power, election-votes to gain ; 25
No will to hackney out polemic strain ;
To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur, a courtier's foes ;
Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail ;
Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail. 30

Where these are not, what claim to me belongs ?
Though mine the Muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.

Where

Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
 To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
 No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain: 35
 The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
 To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
 By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
 To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
 To lose the health, which should those thoughts in-
 spire; 40

To starve on hope; or, like camelions, fare
 On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
 Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
 Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt; 45
 In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:
 Worse in my own!—through those, to posts who rise,
 Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
 Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
 Not sense alone of glory, but of shame. 50

What though I hourly see the servile herd,
 For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
 See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
 And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
 See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied, 55
 Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride;
 A scene will shew, all-righteous vision haste;
 The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
 Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
 Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more! 60

But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,
 A poet still is anxious after fame.
 What future fame would my ambition crave?
 This were my wish—could ought my memory save,
 Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd, 65
 That my past life no venal view disclos'd;
 Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
 Without the being base, the being poor;
 Say, I had parts, too moderate to transcend:
 Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t' offend; 70
 My heart supplying what my head denied,
 Say that, by Pope esteem'd I liv'd and died;
 Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
 Whose life the nobler science how to live.

A N
 E P I S T L E
 T O
 D A M O N A N D D E L I A.

HEAR Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
 Truth without anger, without flattery, praise!
 A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
 Oft a sedate, yet never gloomy thought:
 Prompt to rejoice, when others pleasure know, 5
 And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;
 To

EPISTLE TO DAMON AND DELIA. 153

To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
 And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own :
 A will sincere, unknown to selfish views ;
 A heart of love, of gallantry a Muse ; 10
 A delicate, yet not a jealous mind ;
 A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
 Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltless fires,
 In ever-eager, never gross desires :
 A modest honour, sacred to contain 15
 From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain ;
 Constant, most pleas'd when beauty most you please :
 Damon ! your picture's shewn in tints like these.
 Say, Delia, must I chide you or commend ?
 Say, must I be your flatterer or your friend ? 20
 To praise no graces in a rival fair,
 Nor your own foibles in a sister spare ;
 Each lover's billet, bantering, to reveal,
 And never known one secret to conceal ;
 Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn, 25
 To treat all sighing slaves with flippant scorn ;
 An eye, expressive of a wandering mind :
 Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd ;
 Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,
 Intent on songs or novels, dross or cards ; 30
 Choice to select the party of delight,
 To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight ;
 To flutter here, to flurry there on wing ;
 To talk, to teaze, to simper, or to sing ;
 To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust, 35
 Whose vain, loose life, should caution or disgust ;
 Him

Him to dislike, whose modest worth should please.—
 Say, is your picture shown in tints like these?
 Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
 Let judgment, truth, the Muse, and love decide. 40
 What your's!—Nay, fairest trifier, frown not so:
 Is it? the Muse with doubt—Love answers NO:
 You smile—Is't not? Again the question try!—
 Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will YES, reply.

TO

MISS M H ,

SENT WITH

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
 Raillied with wit polite, or lash'd severe:
 Let Pope present such objects to our view;
 Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
 Rapt when, to Loddon's stream * from Windsor's
 shades, 5
 He sings the modest charms of sylvan maids;
 Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
 And Luddal's spring § still murmurs in my ear:

But

* Alluding to the beautiful Episode of Loddona,
 in Windsor Forest.

§ A spring near Burford.

But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
 Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies : 10
 Come then, my charmer, come! here transport reigns!
 New health, new youth, inspirits all my veins.
 Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
 Thou life of loveliness! thou soul of joy!
 Love wakes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay! 15
 Love warms the world—come charmer, come away!
 But hark!—immortal Pope resumes the lyre!
 Diviner airs, diviner flights, inspire:
 Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
 See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine! 20
 Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
 And all your looks and thoughts, unconscious, sung.

ON THE
 RECOVERY OF A
 LADY OF QUALITY
 FROM THE SMALL-POX.

LONG a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight.
 With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
 Till Death, grown envious with repugnant aim,
 Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.

He

He summons each disease ! — the noxious crew, 5
 Writhing, in dire distortions, strike his view !
 From various plagues, which various natures know,
 Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
 Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
 The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise ! 10
 It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
 Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain !
 Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims !
 Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims !
 Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire, 15
 Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.

Here stands her consort, sore, with anguish, prest,
 Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
 The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
 In silent sorrow weep the waining fair. 20
 Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
 And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
 While these revolve, though mute each Muse appears,
 Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
 On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, listening bends ! 25
 On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer ascends ! —
 Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
 Restore the languid fair, new soul impart !
 Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
 And thine own bounty's almost rival'd there. 30
 Each paus'd. The God assents. Would Death ad-
 vance ?

Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threatening lance !

Down

ON A LADY'S RECOVERY. 157

Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
 And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
 Each balmy plant, encrease of virtue knows, 35
 And art, inspir'd, with all her patron, glows.
 The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
 Kind hope, her consort's breast enlivening feels.
 Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
 Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire. 40
 As Health's auspicious powers gay life display,
 Death, fullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

T H E
 F R I E N D.
 A N
 E P I S T L E
 T O
 A A R O N H I L L, E S Q.

O MY lov'd Hill, O thou by heaven design'd
 To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
 To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows tend,
 Thou brother, father, nearer yet! — thou friend!
 If worldly friendships oft cement, divide, 5
 As interests vary, or as whims preside;
 If leagues of luxury borrow friendship's light,
 Or leagues subversive of all social right:

O say,

O say, my Hill, in what propitious sphere,
 Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and sincere? 10
 'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
 There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire;
 There may young worth, the noblest end obtain,
 In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
 In knowledge blifs; for wisdom virtue finds, 15
 And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
 Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, succeed!
 For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.

Oft when you saw my youth wild error know,
 Reproof, soft hinted, taught the blush to glow. 20
 Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
 Just smil'd when faulty, and when moderate prais'd.
 Me shun'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage!
 You sung, till pity wept o'er every page.
 You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame; 25
 Yet, yet, th' obudrate mother felt no shame.
 Pierc'd as I was! your counsel soften'd care,
 To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
 The man who never wound afflictive feels,
 He never felt the balmy worth that heals. 30
 Welcome the wound, when blest with such relief!
 For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

From you shall never, but with life, remove
 Aspiring genius, condescending love.
 When some, with cold, superior looks, redress, 35
 Relief seems insult, and confirms distress;
 You, when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
 While warm you act th' obliger, seem th' oblig'd.

All.

THE FRIEND.

239

All-winning mild to each of lowly state;
 To equals free, unservile to the great; 40
 Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
 Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.
 Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak;
 Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek.
 That worthless bliss, which others court, you fly; 45
 That worthy woe, they shun, attracts your eye.

But shall the Muse resound alone your praise?
 No—let the public friend exalt her lays!
 O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's
 mine!—

The world's—beneficent behold him shine! 50
 Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,
 From either India pour their golden pride;
 Rich in good works, him others wants employ;
 He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy.
 To orphans, prisoners, shall his bounty flow; 55
 The weeping family of want and woe.

Is knowledge his? Benevo'lently great,
 In leisure active, and in care sedate;
 What aid, his little wealth perchance denies,
 In each hard instance his advice supplies. 60
 With modest truth he sets the wandering right,
 And gives religion pure, primæval light;
 In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
 The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.

Is power his orb? He then, like power divine, 65
 On all, though with a varied ray, will shine.

Ere

Ere power was his, the man, he once caress'd,
 Meets the same faithful smile, and mutual breast :
 But asks his friend some dignity of state ;
 His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight ? 70
 Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire
 With all a people's welfare would require ?
 His choice admits no pause ; his gift will prove
 All private, well absorb'd in public love.
 He shields his country, when for aid she calls ; 75
 Or, should she fail, with her he greatly falls :
 But, as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
 Spread slavery, death and desolation round,
 Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
 Against the sons of men a faction rise, 80
 Glory in hers, is in his eye disgrace ;
 The friend of truth ; the friend of human race.

Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
 His boundless love embraces all mankind ;
 And all their virtues in his life are known ; 85
 And all their joys and sorrows are his own.

These are the lights, where stands that friend con-
 fess'd ;

This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
 Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine ;
 What would'st thou not, were wealth and greatness
 thine ? 90

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

MR. JOHN DYER,
AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL.

In Answer to his from the Country †.

NOW various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the opening spring:
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind, 5
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.

Oh could my soul through depths of knowledge see,
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the shocks of fate,
And e'en draw envy to the humblest state. 10
Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.

Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The Muse's mansion is, at best, but air;
But, if more solid works my meaning forms, 15
Th' unfinish'd structures fall by fortune's storms.

Oft have I said we falsely those accuse,
Whose god-like souls life's middle state refuse.
Self-love, I cry'd, there seeks ignoble rest;
Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake unblest; 20

M

Mean

† See Dyer's Poems.

Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
 Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—
 'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I fought the middle state,
 And found the good, and found the truly great.

Though verse can never give my soul her aim; 25
 Though action only claims substantial fame;
 Though fate denies what my proud wants require,
 Yet grant me, heaven, by knowledge to aspire:
 Thus to enquiry let me prompt the mind;
 Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bless mankind; 30
 From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief,
 Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief!
 To serve lov'd liberty inspire my breath!
 Or, if my life be useless, grant me death;
 For he, who useless is in life survey'd, 35
 Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.

Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
 Which he gains most, who least has serv'd mankind?
 Titles, when worn by fools, I dare despise;
 Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wise. 40
 When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
 Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.
 But, who to birth alone would honours owe?
 Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
 Those trees, with sweetest charms, invite our eyes, 45
 Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful rise.
 Still we love best what we with labour gain,
 As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.

The Great I would not envy nor deride;
 Nor stoop to swell a vain Superior's pride; 50
 Nor

EPISTLE TO MR. DYER. 163

Nor view an Equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor crush the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my state;
Nor misuse wit against an absent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preserve their weight;
Meek, though exalted; though disgrac'd, elate;
Generous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live;
Grateful to serve, and generous to forgive.

This may they learn, who close thy life attend;
Which, dear in memory, still instructs thy friend.
Though cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
My soul, clear-sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Through her deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
And lights up Fortitude with Friendship's beams.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY THE

VICE-PRINCIPAL of St MARY-HALL, OXFORD,

Being presented by the Honourable Mrs. KNIGHT,
to the Living of GOSFIELD in ESSEX.

WHILE by mean arts and meaner patrons rise
Priests, whom the learned and the good despise;
This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendent mind,
Are wisdom, purity, and truth enshrined.

A modest merit now she plans to lift, 5
 Thy living, Godsfield! falls her instant gift.
 Let me (she said) reward alone the wise,
 And make the church-revenue Virtue's prize.
 She fought the man of honest, candid breast,
 In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest; 10
 Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
 To science moral, and religious truth.
 She fought where the disinterested friend,
 The scholar, sage, and free companion blend;
 The pleasing poet, and the deep divine, 15
 She fought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

F U L V I A.
A P O E M.

LET Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
 Her darling passions, scandal and quadrille;
 On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
 Her deeds a satire on herself alone.
 On her poor kindred deigns she word or look? 5
 'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke;
 Worse when good-natur'd, than when most severe;
 The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
 How just the sceptic! the divine how odd!
 What turns of wit play smartly on her God! 10
 The

The fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, strait pities me.
She, like Benevolence, a smile bestows,
Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.

The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit: 15

She tells my story, and repeats my wit.

With mouth distorted, through a sounding nose

It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.

With see-saw sounds and nonsense not my own,

She skews her features, and she cracks her tone. 20

How fine your Bastard! why so soft a strain?

What such a Mother? satirize again!

Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—

Ah! though unkind, she is my mother still!

The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims. 25

'Tis fam'd—The fame, each curious fair enflames:

The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:

The Brets, alarm'd, a separate peace propose.

'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!

My wit's degraded, and my cause forsook. 30

Thus she: What's poetry but to amuse?

Might I advise—there are more solid views.

With a cool air she adds: This tale is old:

Were it my case, it should no more be told.

Complaints—had I been worthy to advise— 35

You know—But when are wits, like women, wise?

True it may take; but, think whate'er you list,

All love the satire, none the satirist.

I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause awhile;

Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile. 40

Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends?
 Sir (she replies) indeed you'll lose your friends.
 Why did I start? 'twas but a change of wind—
 Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
 I bow, depart, despise, discern her all: 45
 Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with every whim!
 A reed, a weather-cock, a shade, a dream:
 No more the friendship shall be now display'd
 By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or shade; 50
 To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
 For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

E P I T A P H

ON A

Y O U N G L A D Y.

CLOS'D are those eyes, that beam'd seraphic fire;
 Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire;
 Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
 Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
 And lively wit, which, decently confin'd, 5
 No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
 Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
 Persuasive reason and endearing truth,

Could

EPITAPH ON A LADY. 167

Could honour, shewn in friendships most refin'd,
 And sense, that shields th' attempted virtuous mind; 10
 The social temper never known to strife,
 The heightening graces that embellish life;
 Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
 Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
 Nor can she die—ev'n now survives her name, 15
 Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY, A P O E M.

Occasioned by the DEPARTURE of the Prince and
 Princess of ORANGE.

(Written in the Year 1734.)

MILD rose the morn! the face of nature bright
 Wore one extensive smile of calm and light;
 Wide, o'er the land, did hovering silence reign,
 Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main;
 When lo! before me, on the southern shore, 5
 Stood forth the power, whom Albion's sons adore;
 Blest Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle;
 Whom Reason gives to bloom, and Truth to smile;
 Gives Peace to gladden, sheltering Law to spread,
 Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head, 10

M 4

Rich

Rich Industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
 Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
 In curious emblems every art, express,
 Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest.
 Science in various lights attention won, 15
 Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun.

My words, he cried, my words observance claim:
 Resound, ye Muses; and, receive them Fame!
 Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
 The great, third William stretch'd his naval pride: 20
 I with my sacred influence swell'd his soul;
 Th' enslav'd to free, th' enslaver to control.
 In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain:
 He came, he sav'd; in his was seen my reign.
 How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd, 25
 To humble tyrants, and secure mankind!
 Next Marlborough in his steps successful trod:
 This, godlike plann'd; that, finish'd like a god!
 And, while Oppression fled to realms unknown,
 Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone. 30

Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
 There Freedom ever found a sheltering shade.
 Still heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
 Millions to bless, the BRANCH auspicious shoot!
 He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread; 35
 Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
 Nurse him, ye heavenly dews, ye sunny rays,
 Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!

He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
 Where the last billow swells into the sky, 40
 Where,

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY. 169

Where, in gay vision, round th' horizon's line,
 The moving clouds with various beauty shine;
 As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
 Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold!
 Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns, 45
 Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.
 Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spy'd,
 And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!
 Thus spoke the Genius, as advanc'd the sail—
 Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail! 50
 Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
 Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
 Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
 Soften'd, through condescension, learns to shine.
 Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide; 55
 Knowledge, from nature and from art supply'd;
 To noblest objects pointed various ways;
 Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.

What manly virtues in her mind excel!
 Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell! 60
 For ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
 To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
 How heav'd her breast! how sadden'd was her mein!
 All in the mother then was lost the queen.
 The swelling tear then dimm'd her parting view, 65
 The struggling sigh stopp'd short her last adieu:
 Ev'n now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
 The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind;
 The shoal, so treacherous, near the tempting land;
 Th' ingulphing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand; 70
 These

These fancied perils all, by day, by night,
 In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright!
 For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
 In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in prayers!
 Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave 75
 The sand, the shoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
 Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
 And Joy to greet thee on the Belgic shore.

May future times, when their fond praise would tell
 How most their favourite characters excel; 80
 How blest! how great!—then may their songs declare,
 So great! so blest!—such Anne and Nassau were.

E G R Æ C O R U F.

QUI TE VIDET BEATUS EST,
 BEATIOR QUI TE AUDIET,
 QUI BASIAT SEMIDEUS EST,
 QUI TE POTITUR EST DEUS.

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man, who, in thy sparkling eyes,
 His amorous wishes sees, reflecting, play;
 Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, rise,
 And, in soft-swimming languor, die away.

II.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
 In sounds which love, harmonious love inspire;
 On his charm'd ear sits, rapt, his listening soul,
 Till admiration form intense desire.

III.

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may press

Thy lip, soft-swelling to the kindling kiss;
And may that lip assentive warmth express,
Till love draw willing love to ardent bliss!

IV.

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breast,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxrious charms,
Is all a God!—is of all heaven posselt.

THE

EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A P O E M.

Addressed to Mrs. BRIDGET JONES, a young Widow
Lady of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire.

ONCE Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering Love.
Come, purest atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new soft texture leave ætherial stores.
They come, they croud, they shining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form, which Beauty's self shall mould!
To mould my charmer's form she all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.

She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.

10
First

First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
 Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.
 Firm, on these curious pedestals, depend
 Two polish'd pillars; which, as fair, ascend;
 From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large, they
 rise;

15

Seen by the Muse, though hid from mortal eyes.
 More polish'd yet, your fabric each sustains;
 That purest temple where perfection reigns.

A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
 By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.

20

Beyond that lessening waist, two orbs devise,
 What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise!
 Fresh peeping there, two blushing buds are found,
 Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.

There feeling sense, let pitying sighs inspire,

25

Till panting pity swells to warm desire:

Desire, though warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss,
 All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.

Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend;
 Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.

30

Lo! cunning Beauty, on each palm, designs
 Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines;
 And lovely whiteness, either arm contains,

Diversified with azure-wandering veins;
 The wandering veins conceal a generous flood,

35

The purple treasure of celestial blood.

Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
 O'er all a face, where Beauty's self appears.

Her

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY. 173

Her soft attendants smoothe the spotless skin,
 And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin; 40
 The shapely chin, to Beauty's rising face,
 Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
 And soon sweet-opening, rosy lips disclose
 The well-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
 Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes 45
 A breath, whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
 And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
 A beauteous blush at praise, though just the praise.
 And nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
 Soft, clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes; 50
 New Graces, to those eyes, mild shades, allow;
 Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
 While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
 May none, but pleasing objects, visit there!
 Two little porches, (which, one sense empowers, 55
 To draw rich scent from aromatic flowers)
 In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
 Shall equal first, then heighten, Beauty's face.
 To smelling sense, oh, may the flowery year,
 It's first, last, choicest incense, offer here! 60
 Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
 The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,
 And, granting a new power of sense to hear,
 New finer organs form each curious ear;
 Form to imbibe what most the soul can move, 65
 Music and Reason, Poesy and Love.
 Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
 A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:

Above

Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
 Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade. 70
 All, with a nameless air and mein, unite,
 And, as you move, each movement is delight.
 Tun'd is your melting tongue and equal mind,
 At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.

The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline; 75
 For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine;
 Let these, the temperate sense of taste reveal,
 And give, while nature spreads the simple meal.
 The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
 From luxury as taintless as your mind. 80
 The Virtues, Chastity and Truth, impart,
 And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.

Thus Beauty finish'd—Thus she gains the sway,
 And Love still follows where she leads the way.
 From every gift of heaven, to charm is thine; 85
 To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

SENT TO

MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

With THE WANDERER.

Alluding to an Episode, where a young Man turns
 Hermit, for the loss of his wife Olympia.

WHEN with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
 While this the youth, and that the fair express'd,
 Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
 When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

Tell

ON FALSE HISTORIANS. 175

Tell her, my Muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's absence is to me.

ON
FALSE HISTORIANS:
A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
In quest of these the Muse shall first advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd History—Lo! at once she skims 5
The visionary world of monkish whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought; 10
Saints that never liv'd, or such as justice paints,
Jugglers, on superstition palm'd for saints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known;
While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose! 15
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd

Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a LYE proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.

History, from air or deep draws many a spright,
Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright ; 20
Or such as but o'er feverish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.

Now meteors make enthusiast-wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air !
Seers fall intranc'd ! some wizard's lawless skill 25
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will !
Thus History, by machine, mock-epic, seems,
Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.

The devil, who priest and forcerer must obey,
The forcerer us'd to raise, the parson lay. 30
When Echard wav'd his pen, the history shows,
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood :

No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd ; 35
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd :
Not a gay serpent, glittering to the eye ;
But more than serpent, or than harlot fly :
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can scape,
The demon stands confest in proper shape ! 40
Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll ;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.

Wondrous historian ! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see,— 45
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.

But

But dusky phantoms, Muse, no more pursue!
 Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
 Awful the genuine historian's name!
 False ones—with what materials build they fame; 50
 Fabricks of fame, by dirty means made good,
 As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.
 Peace be with Curll—with him I wave all strife,
 Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
 Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs, 55
 And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Chartres.

Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
 Loose-strung, run gingling into History's name.
 Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
 As thick as worms where man corrupting lies; 60
 As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
 As monsters floundering in the muddy Nile;
 Minutes, Memoirs, Views and Reviews appear,
 Where slander darkens each recorded year.
 In a past reign is feign'd some amorous league; 65
 Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
 Queens, with their minions, work unseemly things,
 And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
 Does a prince die? What poisons they surmise!
 No royal mortal sure by nature dies. 70
 Is a prince born? What birth more base believ'd?
 Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
 Thus slander popular o'er truth prevails,
 And easy minds imbibe romantic tales.
 Thus, 'stead of history, such authors raise 75
 Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.

Some usurp names—an English garreteer,
From Minutes forg'd, is Monsieur Mesnager *.

Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair : 80
Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their spring's unknown.

One statesman vices has, and virtues too ;
Hence will contested character ensue.
View but the black, he's fiend ; the bright but scan, 85
He's angel : view him all—he's still a man.
But such historians all accuse, acquit ;
No virtue these, and those no vice admit ;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe. 90

Where hear-say knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party-libels ; from whose ashes dead,
A monster, misnam'd History, lifts its head.
Contending factions croud to hear its roar ! 95
But when once heard, it dies to noise no more.
From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir in some deep debate ; 100
He

* THE MINUTES OF MONS. MESNAGER ; a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Monf. Mesnager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title-page to be translated. SAVAGE.

ON FALSE HISTORIANS. 179

He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his labouring throat,
To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote :
In sly contempt, some, Hear him ! Hear him ! cry ;
Some yawn, some sneer ; none second, none reply.

But dare such miscreants now rush abroad, 105
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd ?
Dare they imp falsehood thus, and plume her wings,
From present characters and recent things ?
Yes : What untruths ! or truths in what disguise !
What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise ! 110
What facts from all but them and Slander screen'd ?
Here meets a council, no where else conven'd ;
There, from originals, come, thick as spawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn ;
To secret conference never held they yoke, 115
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and speeches never spoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like sin from Satan's far and wide they go.

In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit ;
In vain with truth confute, condemn with wit : 120
Confute, condemn, amid selected friends ;
There sinks the justice, there the satire ends.
Here, though a century scarce such leaves uncloze,
From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
Now none reply where all despise the page ; 125
But will dumb scorn deceive no future age ?
Then, should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanswer'd lie extract ?
Well-set in plan, and polish'd into stile,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile ; 130

By every language snatch'd, by time-receiv'd,
 In every clime, by every age believ'd :
 How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
 When such their lot for infamy or fame?

A

C H A R A C T E R.

FAIR Truth, in courts where Justice should preside,
 Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide ;
 And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
 To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear ;
 Were all, like Yorke, of delicate address, 5
 Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
 Learn'd, just, polite, born every heart to gain,
 Like Cummins mild ; like * Fortescue humane,
 All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
 So deep, so clear, all Science is his own. 10

Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
 In history, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread ;
 How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
 From floundering in low cases, rose a Judge.
 Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thunders, 15
 And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.

His

* The honourable William Fortescue, Esq; one of
 the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
 Nor e'er † "one uncorrupted finger shows."
 See, drunk with power, the circuit-lord express!
 Full, in his eye, his betters stand confest; 20
 Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
 'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuse.
 Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
 There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
 Contest stops short, Consent yields every cause 25
 To Cost; Delay, endures them, and withdraws.
 But how 'scape prisoners? To their trial chain'd,
 All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.
 Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
 Prejudg'd with insult, wonderous pity draws. 30
 But 'scapes e'en Innocence his harsh harangue?
 Alas!—e'en Innocence itself must hang;
 Must hang to please him, when of spleen possess'd;
 Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.

Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd, 35
 When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd;
 Or law, subservient to some murderous will,
 Became a precedent to murder still?
 Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
 Was e'er the jobb to such a slave decreed, 40
 Whose savage mind wants sophist-art to draw,
 O'er murder'd virtue, specious veils of law?

Why, Student, when the bench your youth admits;
 Where, though the worst, with the best rank'd he sits;

N 3

Where

† When Page one uncorrupted finger shows.

D. of WHARTON.

Where found opinions you attentive write, 45
 As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
 Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
 Note well his cruel quirks, and well report.
 Let his own words against himself point clear
 Satire more sharp than verse when most severe. 50

E P I T A P H

ON MRS. JONES,

Grandmother to Mrs. BRIDGET JONES, of Llanelly
 in Carmarthenshire.

IN her, whose relicks mark this sacred earth,
 Shone all domestic and all social worth:
 First, heaven her hope with early offspring crown'd;
 And thence a second race rose numerous round.
 Heaven to industrious virtue blessing lent, 5
 And all was competence, and all content.

Though frugal care, in Wisdom's eye admir'd,
 Knew to preserve what industry requir'd;
 Yet, at her board, with decent plenty blest,
 The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest. 10
 Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
 Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe?
 Farewell the friend, who spar'd th' assistant loan—
 A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.

Did

VALENTINE'S DAY. 183

Did piteous lazars oft attend her door? 15
She gave—farewell the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now sighing swell,
Bless her lov'd name, and weep a last farewell.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A P O E M.

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG WIDOW LADY.

A DIEU, ye rocks that witness'd once my flame,
Return'd my sighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my steps along Llanelly's shore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes, 5
The beach no fierce, amphibious monster knows;
No crocodile there flesh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No false hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him, whose goodness means relief: 10
Yet tides, conspiring with unfaithful ground,
Though distant seen, with treacherous arms, surround.
There quicksands, thick as beauty's snares, annoy,
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, destroy.
I watch'd the seas, I pac'd the sands with care, 15
Escap'd, but wildly rush'd on beauty's snare.

Ah!—better far, than by that snare overpow'd,
Had sands engulf'd me, or had seas devour'd.

Far from that shore, where syren-beauty dwells,
And wraps sweet ruin in resistless spells; 20
From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's lustre boast,
Me native England yields a safer coast.

Chloe, farewell!—Now seas, with boisterous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide:

Yet while each plant, which vernal youth resumes, 25
Feels the green blood ascend in future blooms;

While little feather'd songsters of the air

In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,

The Muse exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,

And willing Loves the swelling notes inspire. 30

Sure on this day, when hope attains success,

Bright Venus first did young Adonis bless.

Her charms not brighter, Chloe, sure than thine;

Though flush'd his youth, not more his warmth than
mine.

Sequester'd far within a myrtle grove, 35

Whose blooming bosom courts retiring love;

Where a clear sun, the blue serene displays,

And sheds, through vernal air, attemper'd rays;

Where flowers their aromatic incense bring,

And fragrant flourish in eternal spring; 40

There mate to mate each dove responsive coos,

While this assents, as that enamour'd woos.

There rills amusive, send from rocks around,

A solitary, pleasing, murmuring sound;

Then

V A L E N T I N E ' S D A Y . 185

Then form a limpid lake. The lake serene 45
 Reflects the wonders of the blissful scene.
 To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
 And on each breeze immortal music floats.
 There, seated on a rising turf is seen,
 Graceful, in loose array, the Cyprian queen ; 50
 All fresh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
 The goddess, rising from the azure wave ;
 Dishevel'd locks distil celestial dews,
 And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuse.
 Her voice so charms, the plummy, warbling throngs, 55
 In listening wonder lost, suspend their songs.
 It sounds—" Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
 " Why loiters my Adonis?"—rocks reply.
 " Oh, come away!"—they thrice, repeating, say ;
 And Echo thrice repeats,—“ Oh, come away !”— 60
 Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears ;
 Who, instant at th' enchanting call, appears.
 Her placid eye, where sparkling joy reines,
 Benignant, with alluring lustre shines.
 His locks, which, in loose ringlets, charm the view, 65
 Float careless, lucid from their amber hue.
 A myrtle wreath her rosy fingers frame,
 Which, from her hand, his polish'd temples claim ;
 His temples fair, a streaking beauty stains,
 As smooth white marble shines with azure veins. 70
 He kneel'd. Her snowy hand he trembling seiz'd,
 Just lifted to his lip, and gently squeez'd ;
 The meaning squeeze return'd, love caught its lore
 And enter'd, at his palm, through every pore.

Then

Then swell'd her downy breasts, till then enclos'd, 75
 Fast-heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd :
 Soft she reclines. He, as they fall and rise,
 Hangs, hovering o'er them, with enamour'd eyes,
 And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,
 He pry'd, he touch'd, and, with the touch was fir'd.
 Half-angry, yet half-pleas'd, her frown beguiles
 The boy to fear; but, at his fear, she smiles.
 The youth less timorous and the fair less coy,
 Supinely amorous they reclining toy.
 More amorous still his sanguine meanings stole 85
 In wistful glances, to her softening soul :
 In her fair eye her softening soul he reads :
 To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, succeeds.
 With conscious blush, th' impassion'd charmer burns ;
 And, blush for blush, th' impassion'd youth returns. 90
 They look, they languish, sigh with pleasing pain,
 And wish and gaze, and gaze and wish again.
 'Twixt her white, parting bosom steals the boy,
 And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy ;
 Through every vein the vigorous transport ran, 95
 Strung every nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
 Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, she pants,
 Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
 Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
 Fond limbs with limbs, in amorous folds, entwine. 100
 Lips press on lips, caressing and carest,
 Now eye darts flame to eye, and breast to breast.
 All she resigns, as dear desires incite,
 And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.

Her

VALENTINE'S DAY. 137

Her waist compress'd in his exulting arms, 105
 He storms, explores, and rifles all her charms;
 Clasps in ecstatic bliss th' expiring fair,
 And, thrilling, melting, nestling, riots there.

How long the rapture lasts, how soon it fleets,
 How oft it pauses, and how oft repeats; 110
 What joys they both receive and both bestow,
 Virgins may guess, but wives experienc'd know:
 From joys, like these, (ah, why deny'd to me?)
 Sprung a fresh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
 May he, a new Adonis, lift his crest, 115
 In all the florid grace of youth confest!

First let him learn to lisp your lover's name,
 And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
 When beauty first shall wake his genial fire,
 And the first tingling sense excite desire; 120

When the dear object, of his peace possess,
 Gains and still gains on his unguarded breast:
 Then may he say, as he this verse reviews,
 So my bright mother charm'd the poet's Muse.

His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear, 125
 Lighten'd with hope, and sadden'd with despair.

Say, on some rival did she smile too kind?

Ah, read—what jealousy distracts his mind!

Smil'd she on him? He imag'd rays divine,

And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine. 130

How dwelt her praise upon his raptur'd tongue!

Ah!—when she frown'd, what plaintive notes he sung!

And could she frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!

On him, whose only crime was loving well?

Thus

Thus may thy son his pangs with mine compare ;
 Then wish his mother had been kind as fair.
 For him may Love the myrtle wreath entwine ;
 Though the sad willow suits a woe like mine !
 Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain !
 Ah ! never sigh and bleed, like me, in vain !— 140

When death affords that peace which love denies,
 Ah, no !—far other scenes my fate supplies ;
 When earth to earth my lifeless corse is laid,
 And o'er it hangs the yew or cypress shade :
 When pale I flit along the dreary coast, 145
 An helpless lover's pining plaintive ghost ;
 Here annual on this dear returning day,
 While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay ;
 May you, my fair, when you these strains shall see,
 Just spare one sigh, one tear, to love and me, 150
 Me, who, in absence or in death, adore
 Those heavenly charms I must behold no more.

T O

J O H N P O W E L L, E s q.
 B A R R I S T E R A T L A W.

I N me long absent, long with anguish fraught,
 In me, though silence long has deaden'd thought,
 Yet memory lives, and calls the Muse's aid,
 To snatch our friendship from oblivion's shade.

A3

TO MR. JOHN POWELL. 189

As soon the sun shall cease the world to warm, 5
 As soon Llannelly's * Fair that world to charm,
 As grateful sense of goodness, true like thine,
 Shall e'er desert a breast so warm as mine.

When imag'd Cambria strikes my memory's eye,
 (Cambria, my darling scene!) I, sighing, cry 10
 Where is my Powell? dear associate!—where?

To him I would unbosom every care;
 To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
 Gall'd in a plighted, faithless virgin's chain.
 At length, from her ungenerous fetters, freed, 15
 Again he loves! he woos! his hopes succeed!
 But the gay bridegroom, still by fortune cross'd,
 Is, instant, in the weeping widower lost.

Her, his sole joy! her from his bosom torn,
 What feeling heart, but learns, like his, to mourn? 20
 Can nature then, such sudden shocks, sustain?
 Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
 Though late, from reason yet he draws relief,
 Dwells on her memory; but dispels his grief.
 Love, wealth, and fame (tyrannic passions all!) 25
 No more enflame him, and no more enthrall.

He seeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
 Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
 But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
 His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains. 30
 Would private jars, which sudden rise, encrease?
 His candour smiles all discord into peace.

To

* Mrs Bridget Jones.

To party storms is public weal resign'd;
Each steady patriot-virtue steers his mind.
Calm, on the beach, while maddening billows rave, 35
He gains philosophy from every wave;
Science, from every object round, he draws;
From various nature, and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er every past historic age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page. 40
Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each classic Muse delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would disdain
A pleasure rising from another's pain;
Social to all, and most of bliss possess, 45
When most he renders all, around him, blest:
To unread 'squires illiterately gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
With the polite, all, all-accomplish'd ease,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to please. 50
Thus shines thy youth; and thus my friend, elate
In bliss as well as worth, is truly great.
Me still should ruthless fate, unjust, expose
Beneath those clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to some nobler sphere, should fortune raise, 55
To wealth conspicuous, and to laurel'd praise;
Unalter'd yet be love and friendship mine;
I still am Chloe's, and I still am thine.

LONDON AND BRISTOL

• D E L I N E A T E D .

TWO sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
 And these from commerce different honours claim.
 What different honours shall the Muses pay,
 While one inspires and one untunes the lay?

Now silver Isis brightening flows along, 5
 Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song;
 Then weds with Tame; and these, O London, see
 Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
 Wide, deep, unfulfilled Thames, meandering glides
 And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides. 10
 Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
 In glittering pomp, strike wondering China's eye;
 And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
 To Britain's merchants, India's eastern freight.
 India, her treasures from her western shores, 15
 Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
 Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
 And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
 Thus shine thy manly sons of liberal mind;
 Thy change deep-busied, yet as courts refin'd; 20

Councils,

* The author preferr'd this title to that of LONDON
 AND BRISTOL COMPARED; which, when he began
 the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Councils, like senates, that enforce debate
 With fluent eloquence and reason's weight.
 Whose patriot virtue, lawless power controls;
 Their British emulating Roman souls.

Of these the worthiest still selected stand, 25
 Still lead the senate, and still save the land :
 Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace
 Thy friends, the lovers of all human race !

In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol now,
 With native malice, lift thy lowering brow ! 30
 Then as some hell-born sprite in mortal guise,
 Borrows the shape of goodness and belies,
 All fair, all smug, to yon proud hall invite,
 To feast all strangers ape an air polite !

From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast, 35
 Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast !

Revere, or seem the stranger to revere ;
 Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere ;
 Insidious now, our bosom-secrets steal,
 And these with sly sarcastic sneer reveal. 40

Present we meet thy sneaking treacherous smiles ;

The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles ;

Such as in thee all parts superior find,

The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd ;

When melting pity would afford relief, 45

The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.

What friendship canst thou boast ? what honours claim ?

To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name.

What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite !

Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight ; 50

From

LONDON AND BRISTOL, &c. 193

From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each other's crimes, their own expose:
Thy sons, though crafty, deaf to wisdom's call;
Despising all men, and despis'd by all;
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves, 55
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
As full of turbulence as void of sense?
Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn!
Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn. 60
Do strangers deign to serve thee; what their praise?
Their generous services thy murmurs raise.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there scatters in a trice 65
The lurking seeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from
schools,
Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules; 70
And, though by nature friendly, honest, brave,
Turn a sly, selfish, simpering, sharpening knave.
Boast petty-courts, where 'stead of fluent ease,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
'Stead of sage counsel in the dubious cause, 75
Attornies, chattering wild, burlesque the laws—
(So shameless quacks, who doctors rights invade,
Of jargon and of poison form a trade.

So canting cobblers, while from tubs they teach,
 Buffoon the gospel they pretend to preach.) 80
 Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
 Unknown to Nature's and to Statute-law;
 Quirks that explain all saving rights away,
 To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
 Is there where law too rigorous may descend, 85
 Or charity her kindly hand extend?
 Thy courts, that, shut when pity would redress,
 Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
 Try misdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
 Not to chastise th' offender, but destroy; 90
 Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretel;
 Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
 Cut off from service due to kindred blood,
 To private welfare and to public good,
 Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies; 95
 Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

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Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
 Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
 Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
 Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms. 100

Boast

LONDON AND BRISTOL, &c. 195

Boast thy base * Tolfey, and thy turn-spit dogs,
Thy † Halliers horses and thy human hogs;
Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts;
Thou blank of sciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see! 105
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.

Proceed, great Bristol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one Justice heighten yet thy praise;
Still spare the catamite, and swinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before. 110

* A place where the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. XIII. p. 496.

† Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges, which are here used instead of carts.

CON-

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